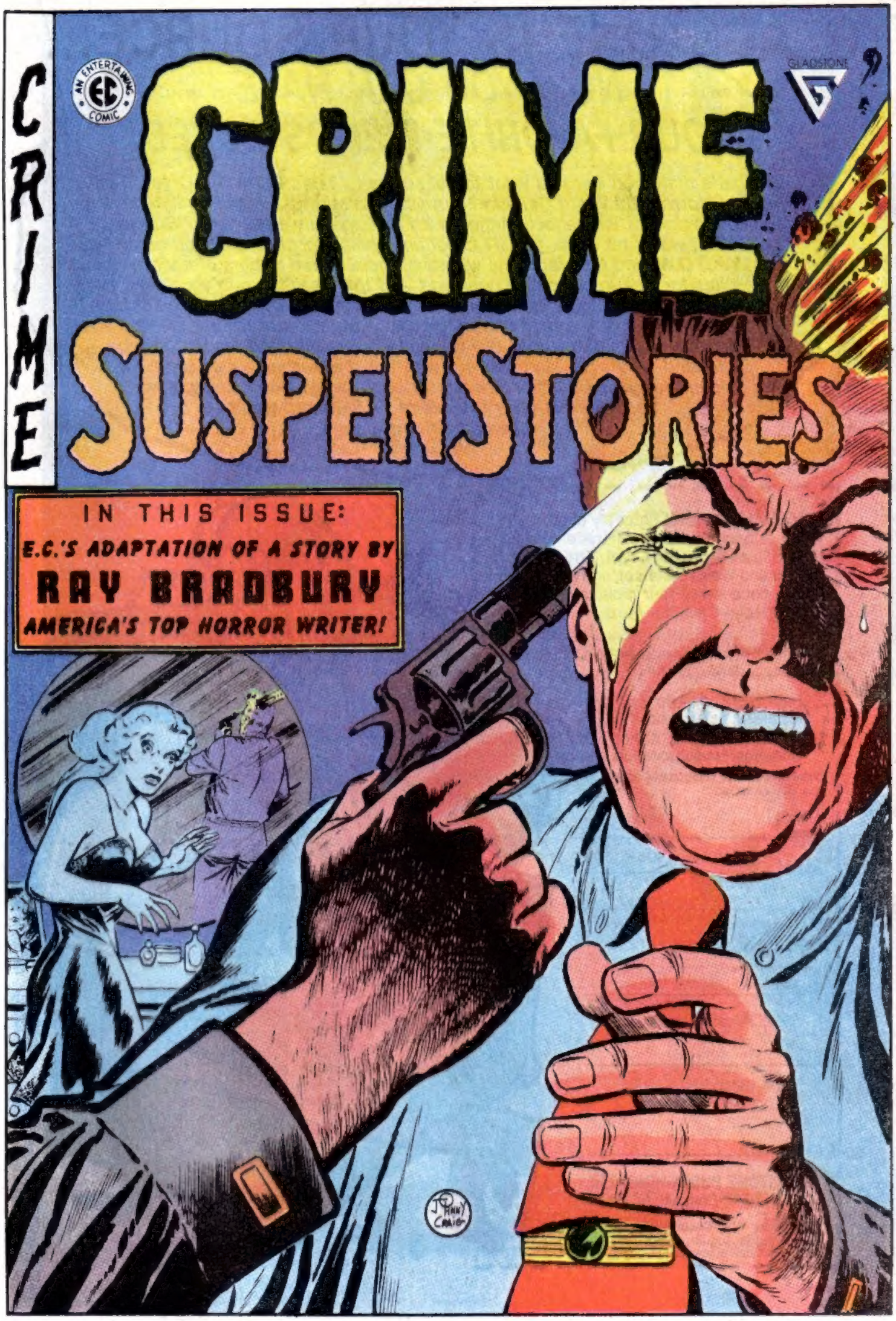
CRIME
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
CRIME SUSPENSTORIES
GLADSTONE
IN THIS ISSUE:
E.C.'S ADAPTATION OF A STORY BY
RAY BRADBURY
AMERICA'S TOP HORROR WRITER!

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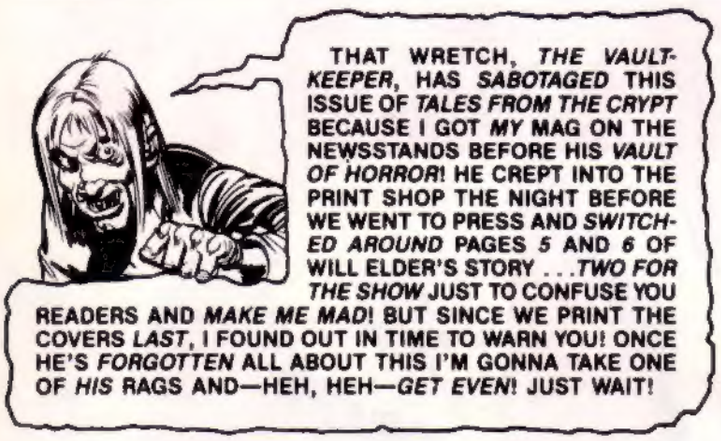
THAT WRETCH, *THE VAULT-KEEPER*, HAS *SABOTAGED* THIS ISSUE OF *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* BECAUSE I GOT *MY* MAG ON THE NEWSSTANDS BEFORE HIS *VAULT OF HORROR*! HE CREPT INTO THE PRINT SHOP THE NIGHT BEFORE WE WENT TO PRESS AND *SWITCHED AROUND* PAGES *5* AND *6* OF WILL ELDER'S STORY . . . *TWO FOR THE SHOW* JUST TO CONFUSE YOU READERS AND *MAKE ME MAD*! BUT SINCE WE PRINT THE COVERS *LAST*, I FOUND OUT IN TIME TO WARN YOU! ONCE HE'S *FORGOTTEN* ALL ABOUT THIS I'M GONNA TAKE ONE OF *HIS* RAGS AND—HEH, HEH—*GET EVEN*! JUST WAIT!

This Issue's Credits

From **Tales From the Crypt** 33 (1952):
Front cover by Jack Davis.
"Lower Berth," art by Jack Davis.
"This Trick'll Kill You," art by George Evans and Jack Kamen.
"Grim Fairy Tale," art by Jack Kamen.
"None but the Lonely Heart," art by Graham Ingels.

From **Crime SuspenStories** 17 (1953):
"Touch and Go," art by Johnny Craig, adapted from a story by Ray Bradbury.
"One for the Money. . ." art by Jack Kamen.
"Fired," art by Al Williamson and Frank Frazetta.
". . .Two for the Show," art by Bill Elder.
All stories colored by Marie Severin.

DREADFUL PLEASURES

by Jim Twitchell

Horror art is not, strictly speaking, a genre; it is rather a collection of motifs in a usually predictable sequence that gives us a specific physiological effect—the shivers. As the Fat Boy said in Charles Dickens' **The Pickwick Papers**, "I want to make your skin crawl."

We do not have to know what is going on to be affected. An audience, in fact, may search for artificial horror without much intellectual explanation or sophistication. The art demands audience participation or, better yet, conspiracy: like children huddled around the campfire asking for "just one more scary story."

No one has ever tracked the major carriers of horror—the vampire, the werewolf, and the "hulk with no name"—from their lairs in the subconscious, up through folklore, into the printed text of **Dracula**, **Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**, and **Frankenstein**. From them came a veritable jungle of cinematic monsters.

Critics have uniformly neglected the word they so readily invoke—horror. It is a difficult word primarily because we think we know what it means: what is horrible is what we are frightened of. Give any journeyman moviemaker a razor and a young lady, or lumbering beast and a shrieking ingenue, and he should be able to scare the wits out of any audience. This is true as far as it goes, but horror really refers to a rather specific effect of that fright. To understand the meaning of "horror" we are initially taken back to the latin word **horrere**, which means "to bristle," and it describes the way the hair stands on end during moments of shivering excitement. From this comes creeping flesh or, more simply, the "creeps." Hence both real and artificial horror—such as in **Tales From the Crypt**—offer a moment of ecstatic dread, a second of full-passioned fixity, of panic and exultation. The experience is commonly known as gooseflesh. What we call gooseflesh is usually caused by abrupt changes in body temperature and is the warm-blooded animal's attempt to shove up its thermostat. Our teeth chatter, knees knock, and skin shivers. We stand still and shudder, suddenly paralyzed.

At the height of horror we **must** scream or the tension, the pressure inside us, will cause us to go **insane**!

Terror, as differentiated from horror, must start anew in each generation, not because the objects we fear are so changeable, but because the images of them are. We now don't fear space invaders; we fear what we might bring back from space. A generation from now there will be a different "terror in the aisles." But horror is different. We will keep returning to watch the werewolf transform, or the vampire bite the virgin, or Dr. Frankenstein experiment in the laboratory, or Dr. Jekyll meet Mr. Hyde, and we will probably continue this interest until we resolve whatever it is in these myths that is unresolved within

(continued on inside back cover)

Tales From the Crypt No. 1, July 1990. Published bi-monthly by Gladstone Publishing, Ltd., 212 S. Montezuma, Prescott, AZ 86303. **Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at Prescott, AZ and additional mailing offices.**
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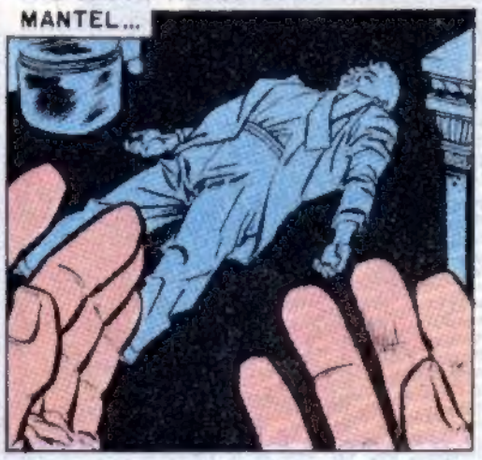
Annual subscription rate $12.00 for six issues, $17.00 Canadian and foreign, payable in U.S. funds. Printed in the U.S.A. **Postmaster: send address changes to Tales From the Crypt, P.O. Box 2079, Prescott, AZ 86302.**

TOUCH and GO!

WILLIAM ACTON ROSE TO HIS FEET. THE CLOCK ON THE MANTEL TICKED MIDNIGHT. HE LOOKED AT HIS FINGERS AND HE LOOKED AT THE LARGE ROOM AROUND HIM AND HE LOOKED AT THE MAN NAMED ARTHUR HUXLEY LYING ON THE FLOOR WHO WAS DEAD AND WOULD SAY NO MORE SAYINGS NOR BRUTALIZE MORE BRUTALITIES. WILLIAM ACTON, WHOSE FINGERS HAD STROKED TYPEWRITER KEYS AND MADE LOVE AND FRIED HAM AND EGGS FOR EARLY BREAKFASTS, HAD NOW ACCOMPLISHED A MURDER WITH THOSE SAME TEN WHORLED FINGERS...

NOW WHAT? HIS EVERY IMPULSE EXPLODED HIM IN A HYSTERIA TOWARD THE DOOR. GET OUT, GET AWAY, RUN, NEVER COME BACK, BOARD A TRAIN, GET A TAXI, GET, GO, RUN, WALK, SAUNTER, BUT GET THE BLAZES *OUT* OF HERE...

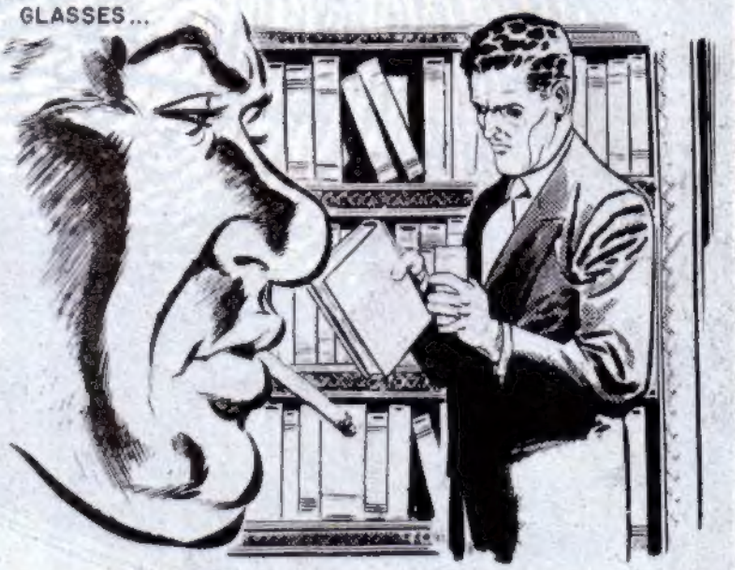
HIS HANDS HOVERED BEFORE HIS EYES, FLOATING, TURNING. IT WAS NOT THE HANDS AS HANDS HE WAS INTERESTED IN, NOR THE FINGERS AS FINGERS. HE FOUND INTEREST ONLY IN THE *TIPS* OF HIS FINGERS. THE CLOCK TICKED UPON THE MANTEL...



HE KNELT BY HUXLEY'S BODY, TOOK A HANDKERCHIEF FROM HUXLEY'S POCKET AND BEGAN METHODICALLY TO SWAB HUXLEY'S THROAT WITH IT. HE BRUSHED AND MASSAGED THE FACE AND THE BACK OF THE NECK WITH A FIERCE ENERGY...

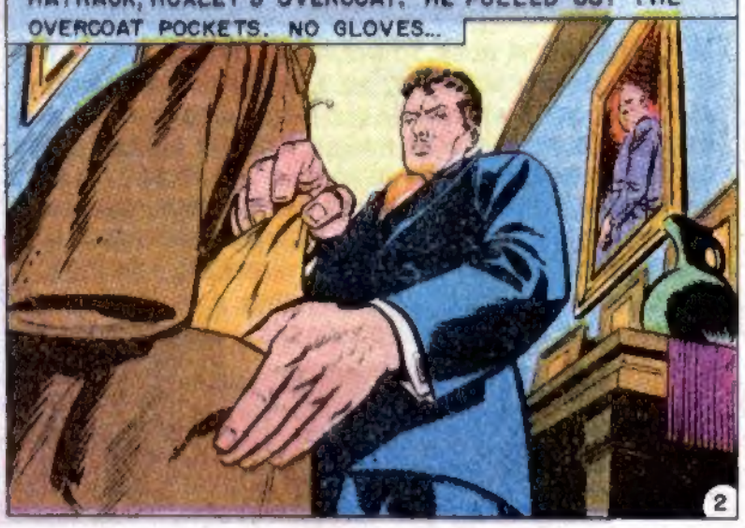
HE STOPPED. THERE WAS A MOMENT WHEN HE SAW THE ENTIRE HOUSE, THE HALLS, DOORS, FURNITURE; AND AS CLEARLY AS IF IT WERE BEING REPEATED WORD FOR WORD, HE HEARD HUXLEY TALKING AND HIMSELF TALKING JUST AS THEY HAD TALKED ONLY AN HOUR AGO...

HE HAD *TOUCHED* THE LIBRARY DOOR. HE HAD *TOUCHED* THE BOOKS AND THE LIBRARY TABLE AND *TOUCHED* THE BURGUNDY BOTTLE AND BURGUNDY GLASSES...



NOW, SQUATTING ON THE FLOOR BESIDE HUXLEY'S COLD BODY WITH THE POLISHING HANDKERCHIEF IN HIS FINGERS, HE STARED AT THE HOUSE, THE WALLS, THE FURNITURE, STUNNED BY WHAT HE REALIZED. HE SHUT HIS EYES, WADDING THE HANDKERCHIEF IN HIS HANDS, BITING HIS LIPS WITH HIS TEETH, PULLING IN ON HIMSELF! THE FINGERPRINTS WERE EVERYWHERE!

A PAIR OF GLOVES. BEFORE HE DID ONE MORE THING, BEFORE HE POLISHED ANOTHER AREA, HE MUST HAVE A PAIR OF GLOVES. HE PUT HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS, WALKED TO THE HALL UMBRELLA STAND, THE HATRACK, HUXLEY'S OVERCOAT. HE PULLED OUT THE OVERCOAT POCKETS. NO GLOVES...

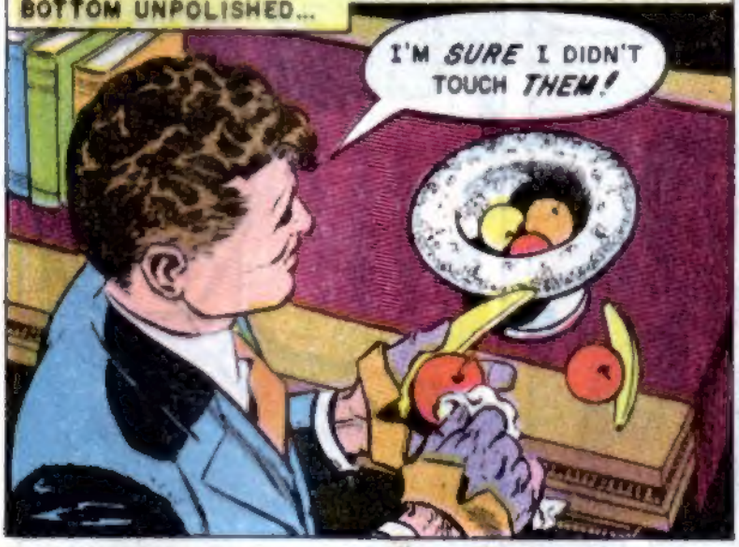


HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS AGAIN HE WALKED UPSTAIRS. HE UNTIDIED SEVENTY OR EIGHTY DRAWERS IN SIX UPSTAIRS ROOMS, LEFT THEM WITH TONGUES HANGING OUT. AT THE BOTTOM OF THE EIGHTY-FIFTH DRAWER HE FOUND GLOVES...

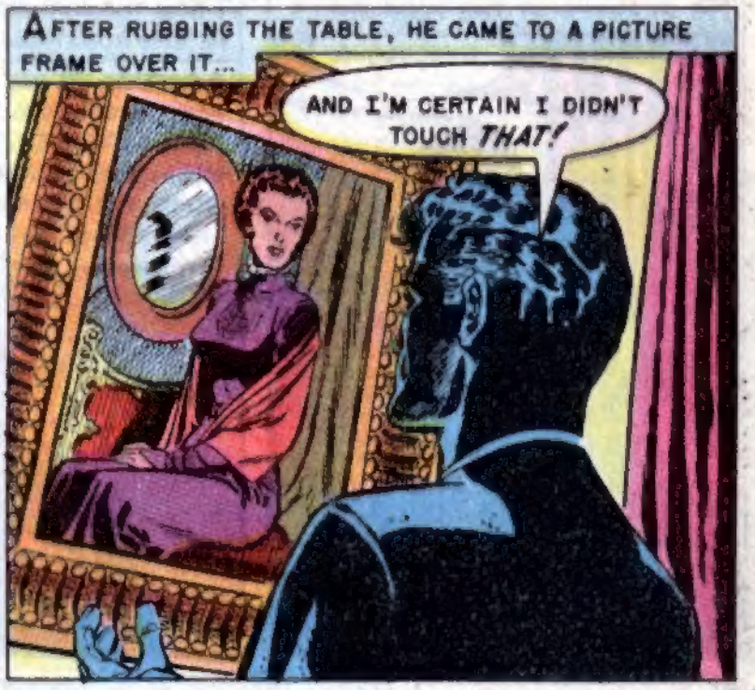
DOWN ONTO THE HARDWOOD FLOOR HAD DROPPED MR. HUXLEY, WITH WILLIAM ACTON AFTER HIM. THEY HAD ROLLED AND TUSSLED AND CLAWED AT THE FLOOR PRINTING IT WITH THEIR FINGERTIPS!

GLOVED, WILLIAM ACTON RETURNED TO THE ROOM AND LABORIOUSLY BEGAN SWABBING EVERY INFESTED INCH OF THE FLOOR. INCH BY INCH, HE POLISHED TILL HE COULD MOST SEE HIS INTENT SWEATING FACE IN IT...

THEN HE CAME TO A TABLE AND POLISHED THE LEG OF IT, ITS SOLID BODY, AND ON TOP, AND HE CAME TO A BOWL OF WAX FRUIT AND HE PLUCKED OUT THE WAX FRUIT AND POLISHED THEM, LEAVING THE FRUIT AT THE BOTTOM UNPOLISHED...

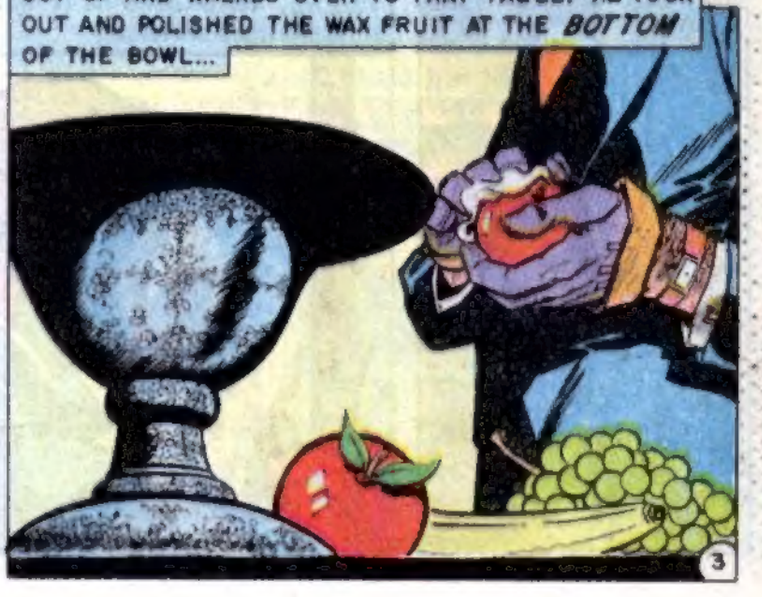


AFTER RUBBING THE TABLE, HE CAME TO A PICTURE FRAME OVER IT...



HE SHINED THE DOORKNOBS, CURRIED THE DOORS FROM HEAD TO FOOT. HE WENT TO ALL THE FURNITURE AND WIPED THE CHAIRS AND RUBBED THE FABRIC. FINGERPRINTS CAN BE FOUND ON FABRIC. HE WENT TO THE BODY, TURNED IT NOW THIS WAY, NOW THAT, AND BURNISHED EVERY SURFACE OF IT. HE EVEN SHINED THE SHOES, CHARGING NOTHING...

WHILE SHINING THE SHOES HIS FACE TOOK ON A LITTLE TREMOR OF WORRY, AND AFTER A MOMENT HE GOT UP AND WALKED OVER TO THAT TABLE. HE TOOK OUT AND POLISHED THE WAX FRUIT AT THE *BOTTOM* OF THE BOWL...



HE WENT BACK TO THE BODY. BUT AS HE CROUCHED OVER IT, HIS EYELIDS TWICKED AND HIS JAW MOVED FROM SIDE TO SIDE AND HE DEBATED... THEN HE GOT UP AND WALKED ONCE MORE TO THE TABLE. HE POLISHED THE PICTURE FRAME...

WHILE POLISHING THE PICTURE FRAME HE DISCOVERED...*THE WALL!*

THAT...IS *SILLY.*

HUXLEY HAD GIVEN HIM A SHOVE AS THEY STRUGGLED. HE HAD FALLEN AGAINST ONE WALL, GOTTEN UP, *TOUCHING* THE WALL...

HE GLANCED AT THE FOUR WALLS...

RIDICULOUS.

FROM THE CORNERS OF HIS EYES HE SAW SOMETHING ON ONE WALL...

I REFUSE TO PAY ATTENTION. THE NEXT ROOM, NOW. I'LL BE METHODICAL. LET'S SEE, WE WERE IN THE HALL, THE LIBRARY, *THIS* ROOM, THE DINING ROOM AND THE KITCHEN.

THERE WAS A SPOT ON THE WALL BEHIND HIM...

WELL, *WASN'T* THERE?

HE TURNED, ANGRILY, AND HE WENT OVER AND HE COULDN'T FIND ANY SPOT. OH, A *LITTLE* ONE, YES, RIGHT... *THERE.* HE DABBED IT. IT WASN'T A FINGERPRINT ANYHOW!

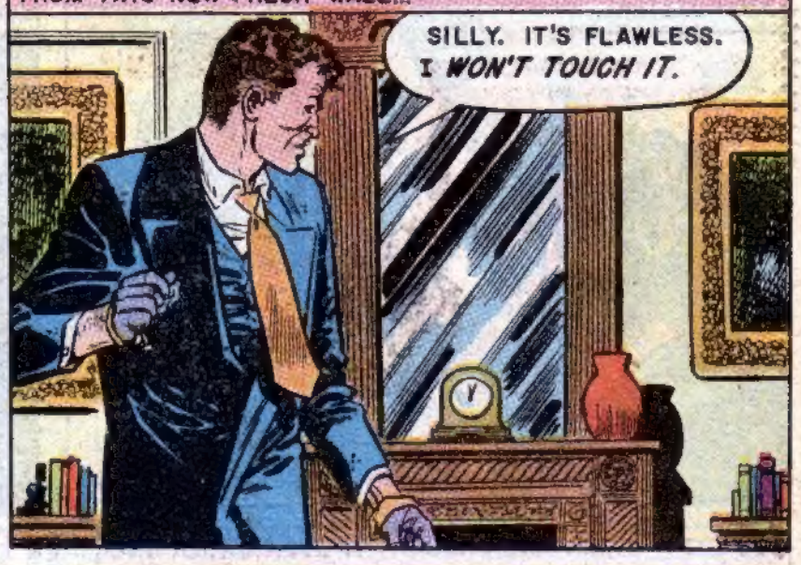
HE LOOKED AT THE WALL AND THE WAY IT WENT OVER TO HIS RIGHT AND OVER TO HIS LEFT AND HOW IT WENT DOWN TO HIS FEET AND UP OVER HIS HEAD AND HE SAID SOFTLY...

NO.

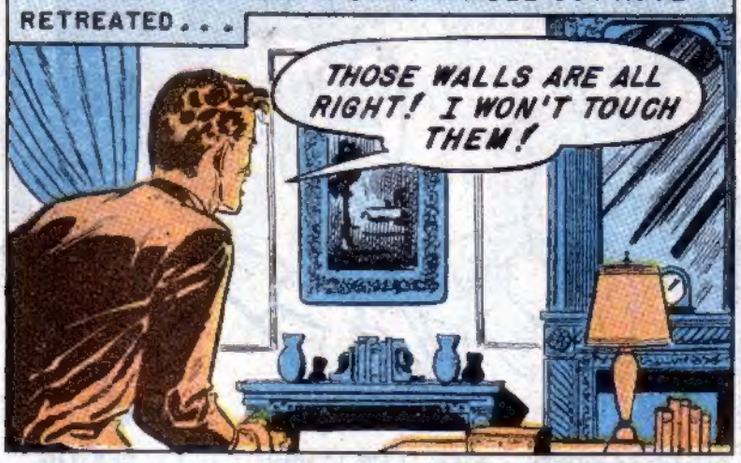
BUT UNKNOWN TO HIS EYES, HIS GLOVED FINGERS MOVED IN A LITTLE RUBBING RHYTHM ON THE WALL.

HE PEERED AT HIS HAND AND THE WALLPAPER. HE LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE OTHER ROOM. HIS FACE HARDENED. WITHOUT A WORD HE BEGAN TO SCRUB THE WALL, UP AND DOWN, BACK AND FORTH, UP AND DOWN, AS HIGH AS HE COULD STRETCH AND AS LOW AS HE COULD BEND...

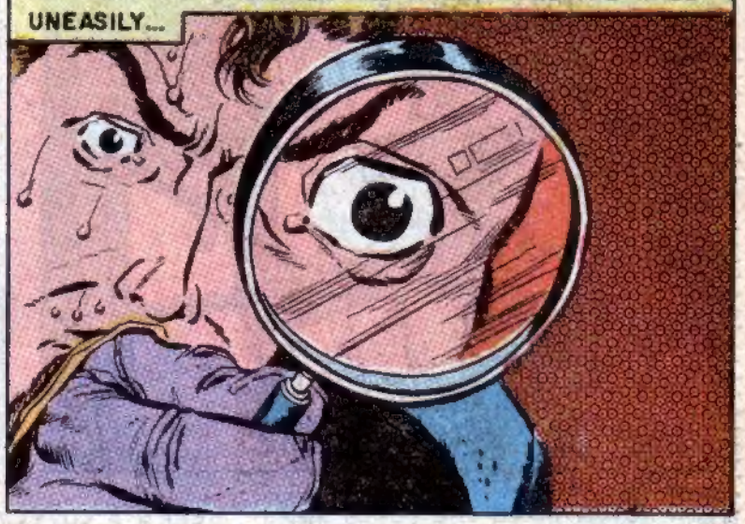
HE GOT ONE WALL FINISHED, AND THEN... HE CAME TO ANOTHER WALL. HE LOOKED AT THE MANTEL CLOCK. AN HOUR GONE. IT WAS FIVE AFTER ONE. HE TURNED AWAY FROM THIS NEW FRESH WALL...



FROM THE CORNERS OF HIS EYES HE SAW THE LITTLE WEBS. WHEN HIS BACK WAS TURNED THE LITTLE SPIDERS CAME OUT OF THE WOODWORK AND SPUN THEIR LITTLE FRAGILE HALF-INVISIBLE WEBS UPON THE THREE WALLS AS YET UNTOUCHED. EACH TIME HE STARED DIRECTLY AT THEM, THE SPIDERS POPPED BACK INTO THE WOOD-WORK ONLY TO SPINDLE OUT AS HE RETREATED...



HE WENT TO A WRITING DESK AT WHICH HUXLEY HAD BEEN SEATED EARLIER. HE OPENED A DRAWER AND TOOK OUT WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR. A LITTLE MAGNIFYING GLASS HUXLEY SOMETIMES USED FOR READING. HE TOOK THE MAGNIFIER AND APPROACHED THE WALL UNEASILY...



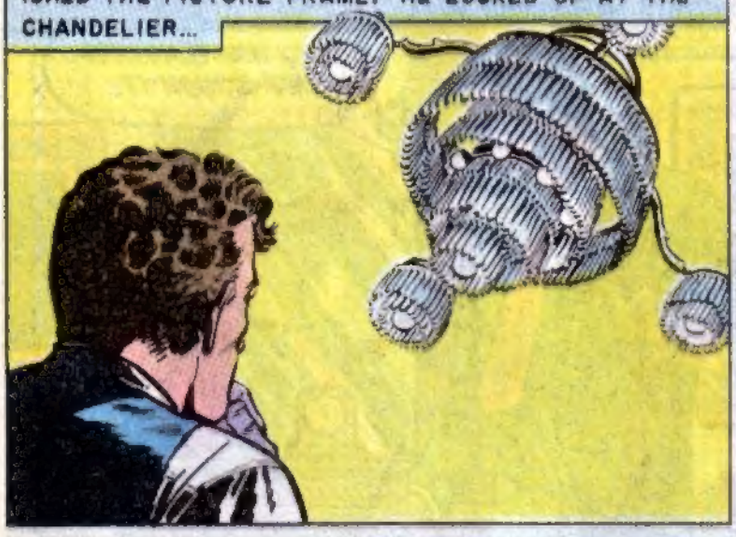
FINGERPRINTS!

BUT THOSE AREN'T *MINE!* I *DIDN'T* PUT THEM THERE! I'M *SURE* I DIDN'T! A SERVANT, A BUTLER, OR A MAID PERHAPS!

THE WALL WAS FULL OF THEM...

IN A RAGE HE BEGAN TO SWEEP THE WALL UP AND DOWN AND BACK AND FORTH WITH HIS GLOVED HANDS, SWEATING, GRUNTING AND SWEARING, BENDING AND RISING AND GETTING REDDER OF FACE...

HE FINISHED THE WALL AT TWO O'CLOCK. HE TOOK OFF HIS COAT AND PUT IT ON A CHAIR. HE WALKED OVER TO THE BOWL AND TOOK OUT THE WAXED FRUIT AND POLISHED THE ONES AT THE BOTTOM AND POLISHED THE PICTURE FRAME. HE LOOKED UP AT THE CHANDELIER...



HIS FINGERS TWITCHED AT HIS SIDES. HIS MOUTH SLIPPED OPEN AND THE TONGUE MOVED ALONG HIS LIPS AND HE LOOKED AT THE CHANDELIER AND LOOKED AWAY AND LOOKED BACK AT THE CHANDELIER AND LOOKED AT HUXLEY'S BODY AND THEN AT THE CRYSTAL CHANDELIER WITH ITS LONG PEARLS OF RAINBOW GLASS...

HE GOT A CHAIR AND BROUGHT IT OVER UNDER THE THE CHANDELIER AND PUT ONE FOOT UP ON IT AND TOOK IT DOWN AND THREW THE CHAIR, VIOLENTLY, LAUGHING, INTO A CORNER. THEN HE RAN FROM THE ROOM LEAVING ONE WALL AS YET UNWASHED...

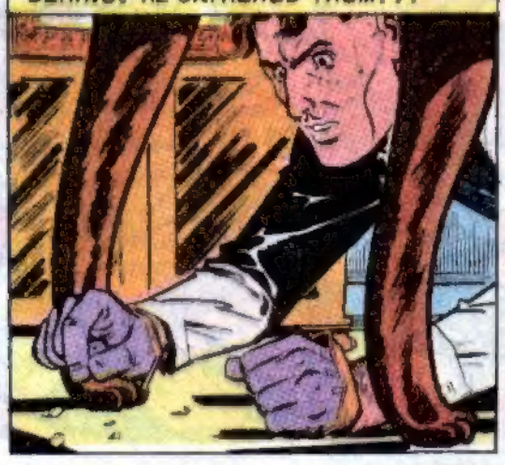
IN THE DINING ROOM HE CAME TO A TABLE. HE PAUSED OVER THE TABLE WHERE THE BOXES OF CUTLERY WERE LAID OUT, HEARING ONCE MORE HUXLEY'S VOICE...

NOW ACTON WIPED THE FORKS AND SPOONS AND TOOK DOWN ALL THE PLATES AND SPECIAL CERAMIC DISHES FROM THE WALL SHELF... REMEMBERING ALL THE TOUCHINGS AND GESTURINGS...

PICK IT UP. TURN IT OVER. SEE THE FINE THINNESS OF THE BOWL, THIN AS EGGSHELL. INCREDIBLE. HANDLE IT, GO AHEAD, I DON'T MIND.
HANDLE IT! GO AHEAD! PICK IT UP!

ACTON SOBBED UNEVENLY. HE HURLED THE POTTERY AGAINST THE WALL. IT SHATTERED AND SPREAD, FLAKING WILDLY, UPON THE FLOOR...

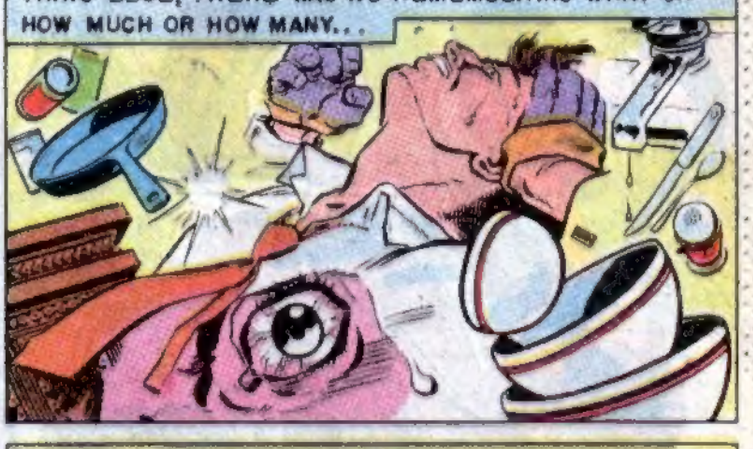
AN INSTANT LATER, HE WAS ON HIS KNEES. EVERY PIECE, EVERY SHARD OF IT, MUST BE REGAINED. FOOL, FOOL, FOOL, HE CRIED TO HIMSELF. FIND EVERY PIECE, YOU IDIOT...NOT ONE FRAGMENT OF IT MUST BE LEFT BEHIND. HE GATHERED THEM...



ARE THEY ALL HERE? HE LOOKED UNDER THE TABLE AGAIN AND UNDER THE CHAIRS AND FOUND ONE MORE PIECE BY MATCH-LIGHT AND STARTED TO POLISH EACH LITTLE FRAGMENT AS IF IT WERE A PRECIOUS STONE...

HE TOOK OUT THE LINEN AND WIPED IT AND WIPED THE CHAIRS AND TABLES AND DOORKNOBS AND WINDOW-PANES AND LEDGES AND DRAPES AND WIPED THE FLOOR AND FOUND THE KITCHEN, PANTING, BREATHING VIOLENTLY, AND TOOK OFF HIS VEST AND ADJUSTED HIS GLOVES AND WIPED THE GLITTERING CHROMIUM...

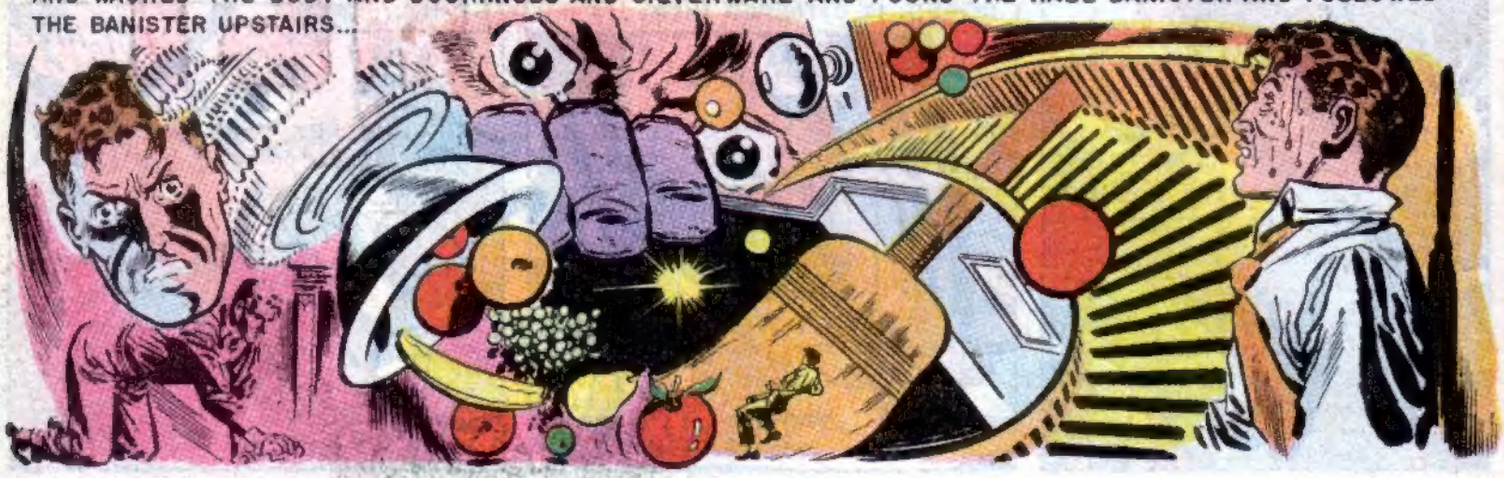
AND HE WIPED ALL THE UTENSILS AND THE SILVER FAUCETS AND THE MIXING BOWLS, FOR NOW HE HAD FORGOTTEN WHAT HE HAD TOUCHED AND WHAT HE HAD NOT. HUXLEY AND HE HAD LINGERED HERE, IN THE KITCHEN, THEY HAD IDLED, TOUCHED THIS, THAT, SOMETHING ELSE, THERE WAS NO REMEMBERING WHAT OR HOW MUCH OR HOW MANY...



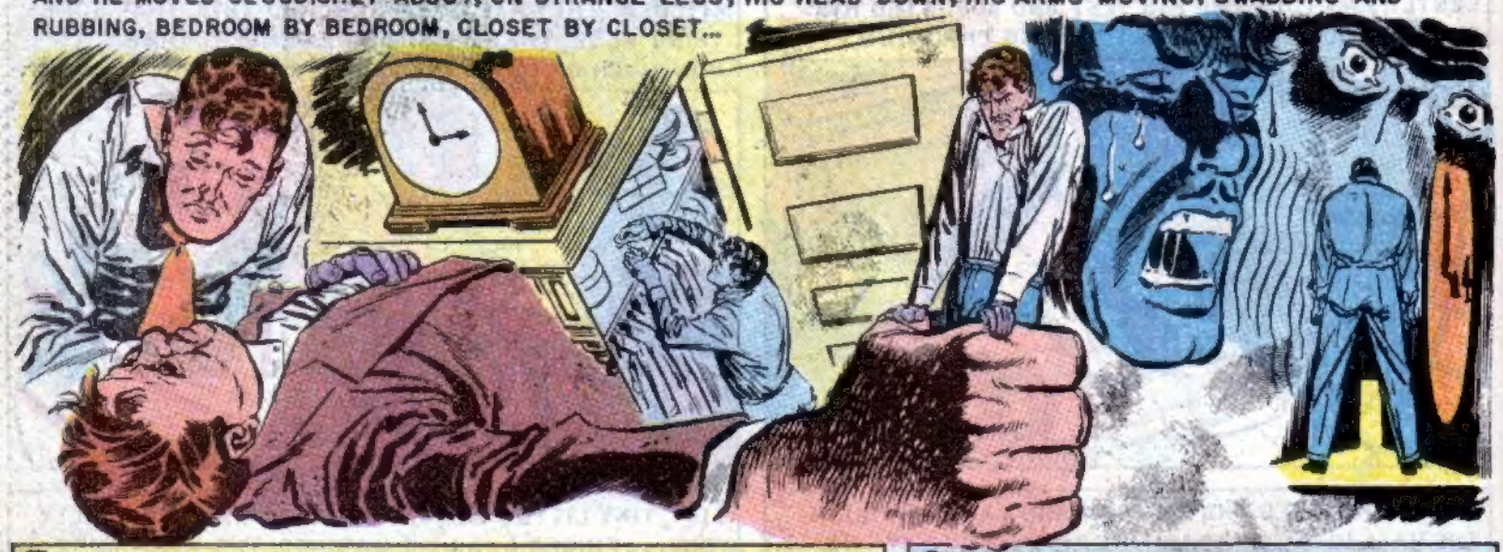
AND HE FINISHED THE KITCHEN AND CAME THROUGH THE HALL INTO THE ROOM WHERE HUXLEY LAY. HE CRIED OUT. HE HAD FORGOTTEN TO WASH THE FOURTH WALL OF THE ROOM. AND WHILE HE WAS GONE, THE LITTLE SPIDERS HAD COME OUT OF THE FOURTH UNWASHED WALL AND SWARMED OVER THE ALREADY CLEAN WALLS, DIRTYING THEM AGAIN! ON THE CEILINGS, THE CHANDELIER, IN THE CORNERS, ON THE FLOOR A MILLION LITTLE WHORLED WEBS HUNG BILLOWING AT HIS SCREAM...

TINY, TINY LITTLE WEBS, NO BIGGER THAN, IRONICALLY, YOUR...FINGER! AS HE WATCHED, THE WEBS WERE WOVEN OVER THE PICTURE FRAME, THE FRUIT BOWL, THE BODY, THE FLOOR. PRINTS WIELDED THE PAPER KNIFE, PULLED OUT DRAWERS, TOUCHED THE TABLE-TOP...TOUCHED, TOUCHED, TOUCHED EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE...

HE POLISHED THE FLOOR WILDLY, WILDLY. HE ROLLED THE BODY OVER AND CRIED ON IT WHILE HE WASHED IT AND GOT UP AND WALKED OVER AND POLISHED THE FRUIT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BOWL. HE PUT A CHAIR UNDER THE CHANDELIER AND GOT UP AND POLISHED EACH LITTLE HANGING FIRE OF IT, SHAKING IT LIKE A CRYSTAL TAMBOURINE UNTIL IT TILTED BELLWISE IN THE AIR. THEN HE LEAPED OFF THE CHAIR AND GRIPPED THE DOORKNOBS AND GOT UP ON ANOTHER CHAIR AND SWABBED THE WALLS HIGHER AND HIGHER AND RAN TO THE KITCHEN AND GOT A BROOM AND WIPED THE WEBS DOWN FROM THE CEILINGS AND POLISHED THE BOTTOM FRUIT OF THE BOWL AND WASHED THE BODY AND DOORKNOBS AND SILVERWARE AND FOUND THE HALL BANISTER AND FOLLOWED THE BANISTER UPSTAIRS...



THREE O'CLOCK! THERE WERE TWELVE ROOMS DOWNSTAIRS AND EIGHT ABOVE. ONE HUNDRED CHAIRS, SIX SOFAS, TWENTY-SEVEN TABLES, SIX RADIOS. AND UNDER AND ON TOP AND BEHIND. HE YANKED FURNITURE OUT AWAY FROM WALLS AND, SOBBING, WIPED THEM CLEAN OF YEARS-OLD DUST, HANDLING, ERASING, RUBBING, POLISHING, AND NOW IT WAS FOUR O'CLOCK! AND HIS ARMS ACHED AND HIS EYES WERE SWOLLEN AND STARING AND HE MOVED SLUGGISHLY ABOUT, ON STRANGE LEGS, HIS HEAD DOWN, HIS ARMS MOVING, SWABBING AND RUBBING, BEDROOM BY BEDROOM, CLOSET BY CLOSET...



THEY FOUND HIM AT SIX-THIRTY THAT MORNING. IN THE ATTIC. THE ENTIRE HOUSE WAS POLISHED TO A BRILLIANCE. THEY FOUND HIM IN THE ATTIC, POLISHING OLD TRUNKS AND OLD FRAMES AND OLD CHAIRS AND TOYS AND VASES AND ROCKING HORSES AND DUSTY CIVIL WAR COINS. HE WAS HALF THROUGH THE ATTIC WHEN THE POLICE OFFICER WALKED UP BEHIND HIM WITH A GUN...

ON THE WAY OUT OF THE HOUSE, ACTON POLISHED THE FRONT DOORKNOB WITH HIS HANDKERCHIEF, AND SLAMMED IT IN TRIUMPH!

A RARE E.C. OFFER

Seventeen years ago a small publishing company called **East Coast Comix** reprinted a dozen of the original E C s in full color as regular 32-page comic books Without national distribution the market was not able to sustain their continuation Shortly after they ceased production we bought the remaining small inventory, realizing they would become **real collector's items** someday With the return of E C. through Gladstone, that day has come! None of these 1973 and '74 reprints is scheduled to be duplicated by Gladstone before 1992 and some later than that The **Two Fisted Tales** and **Shock SuspenStories** comics have no place on our schedule at the present time. The following are available individually or as a lot while the **very limited supply lasts**

☐1. **The Crypt of Terror 1**, Feb., 1955 . . . . . **$12.00**
Planned to **debut** as E C.'s fourth horror title, it instead became the **last** issue of **Tales From the Crypt**, number 46 It contains a Jack Davis werewolf story and George Evans famous razor blade sizzler, "Blind Alleys." Highly recommended. Very very limited

☐2. **Weird Science 15**, Sept., 1952 . . . . . **$8.00**
Incredible issue, with the first E C. story by Al Williamson, who quickly became a favorite, and "The Martians," one of Wallace Wood's best. Also, a photo and biography of Joe Orlando, who draws captive earthmen in "Bum Steer"

☐3. **Shock SuspenStories 12**, Dec., 1953 . . . . **$6.00**
Drug abuse is dealt with for one of the first times in comics in the powerful Joe Orlando effort, "The Monkey." Reed Crandall's "The Kidnapper" generated mail from many parents. Wally Wood touches on suicide in "The Fall Guy" And a murderous alcoholic is portrayed in "Deadline" by Jack Kamen

☐4. **The Haunt of Fear 12**, Mar., 1952 . . . . . **$5.00**
Two rotting corpse stories highlight an issue of great art by "Ghastly" Graham Ingels and Jack Davis Johnny Craig has a story, biography and a photo His story of a love triangle involves two shootings and a mysterious tattoo that miraculously implicates the killer

☐5. **Weird Fantasy 13**, May, 1952 . . . . . **$5.00**
Special issue with **two** tales illustrated by Wallace Wood, including "Home to Stay," an unforgettable adaptation of two Ray Bradbury short stories. E C.'s science fiction and horror editor/artist Al Feldstein has a bio with photo

☐6. **Crime SuspenStories 25**, Oct., 1954 **$5.00**
Jack Kamen's lead deals with multiple murder; Reed Crandall's story involves a knife and some "cutting up" during a prison break; Bernie Krigstein's effort chronicles madness and George Evans' yarn weaves brutal fiction of a sadistic police lieutenant

☐7. **The Vault of Horror 26**, Aug., 1952 . . . . **$5.00**
Putrid palpitations of a ghoul and a vampire in love werewolves, walking corpses and a voodoo curse are all rendered in color by Johnny Craig, Jack Davis, Sid Check and Graham Ingels

☐8. **Shock SuspenStories 6**, Dec., 1952 . . . . **$6.00**
One story each of crime, suspense, sci-fi and horror, plus a biography and photo of fan favorite Wally Wood. Graham Ingels illustrates a rare appearance of the Old Witch outside the horror titles. Wood's "Under Cover" is a shocker dealing with overt prejudice that was largely ignored by society in the 1950s. Great issue!

☐9. **Two Fisted Tales 34**, July, 1953 **$5.00**
Jack Davis writes and draws the lead western, "Betsy," and Wally Wood conceives "Trial by Arms," a medieval story of treachery and murder. John Severin inks a desert epic and George Evans illustrates his specialty—a finale about World War I flying aces

☐10. **The Haunt of Fear 23**, Jan., 1954 . . . . **$5.00**
Jack Kamen does one of his famous "Grim" Fairy Tales this time a horrific version of Hansel and Gretel. A dark brooding, beautifully drawn Jack Davis swamp tale and a werewolf story are also featured

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ONE FOR THE MONEY...

ANITA STOOD BEFORE THE HUGE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT WINDOWS, STARING OUT AT THE SPRAWLING CITY BELOW HER. HER FACE WAS A SCULPTURED MASK... COLD AND EXPRESSIONLESS. AS SHE LISTENED, SHE PUFFED ON HER GOLD CIGARETTE HOLDER, SUCKING THE SMOKE IN AND BLOWING IT OUT THROUGH HEAVILY PAINTED LIPS. THE LIGHT FROM A NEARBY LAMP RIPPLED OVER HER SHEER NEGLIGEE, ACCENTING HER CURVACIOUS FIGURE. BEHIND HER, RONALD'S BROKEN VOICE DRONED ON...

I... I GUESS I BLED THE BUSINESS *DRY*, ANITA! THEY CAME WITH THEIR *BOOKS* AND THEIR LONG LIST OF *FIGURES* AND THEY SHOWED ME THAT I'D PUSHED THE COMPANY INTO *BANKRUPTCY!*

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU'RE *BROKE*, RONALD! YOUR *DOUGH'S RUN OUT?* IS THAT *RIGHT?*

Jack Kamen

HE WAS AN OLDISH MAN, GREYING AT THE TEMPLES. HIS FACE WAS POUCHY AND LINED. HIS EYES WERE DIM AND BLOODSHOT. HE NODDED...

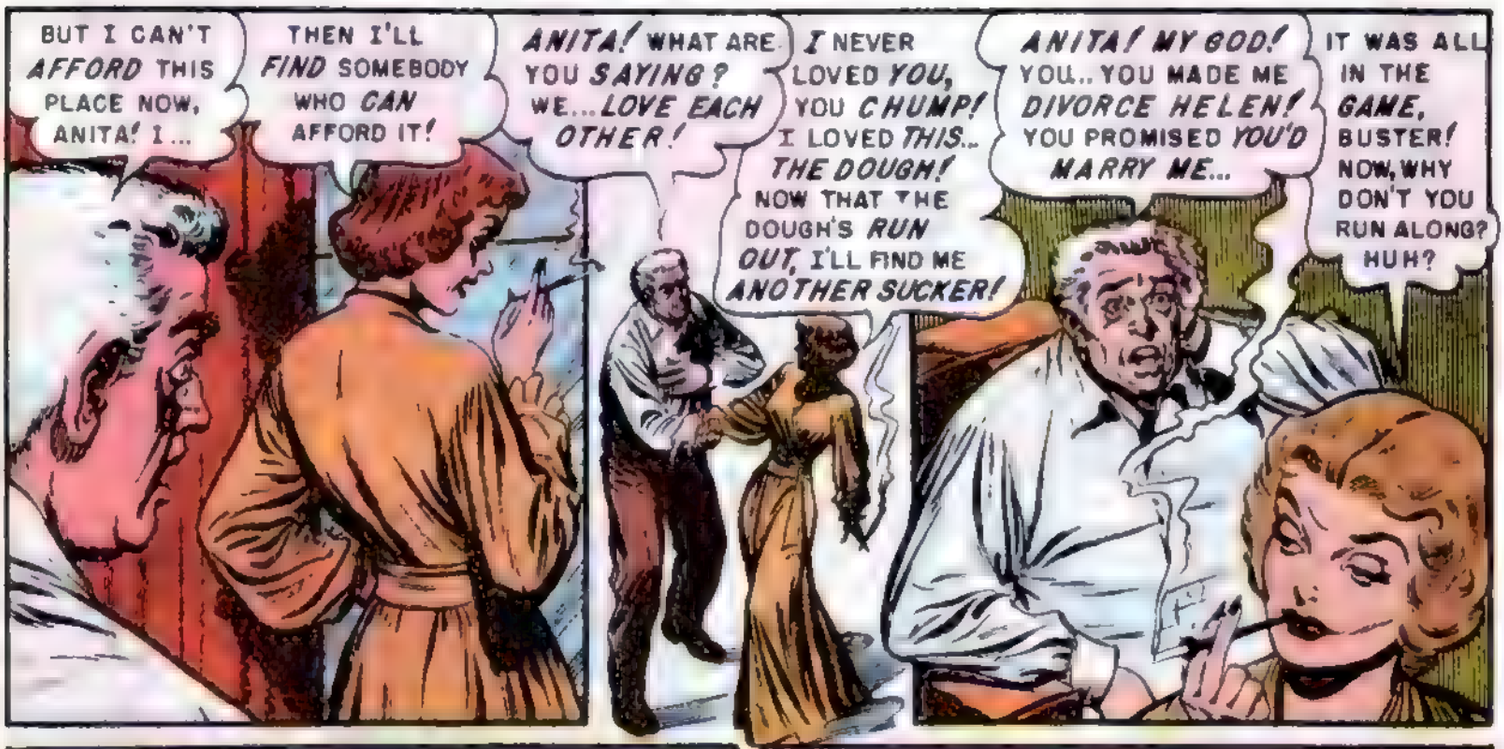
THAT'S ABOUT *IT*, ANITA BABY! I *SPENT* IT ALL ON *YOU!* I PUT YOU UP IN THIS BEAUTIFUL *PENTHOUSE*... BOUGHT YOU *CLOTHES*... *JEWELRY*...

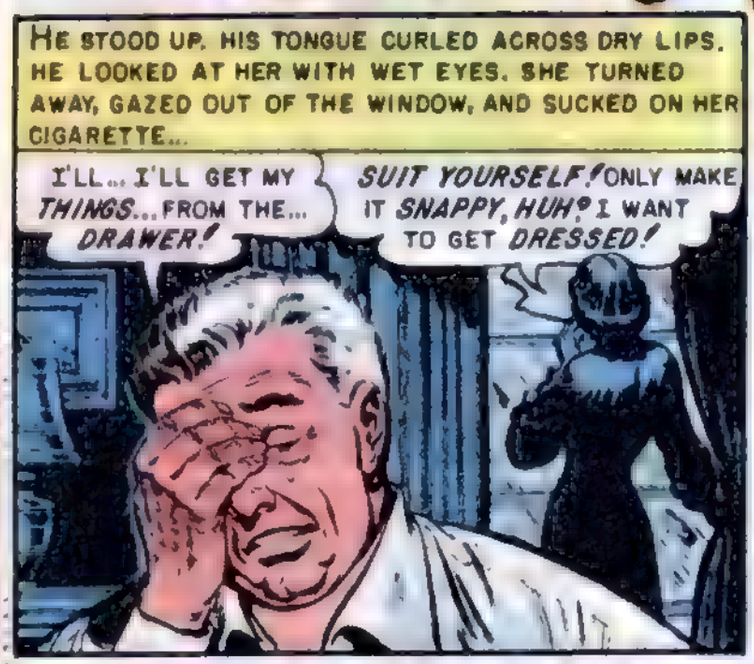
THEN *THIS IS IT!* THE *WIND-UP!* THE *FINISH!*

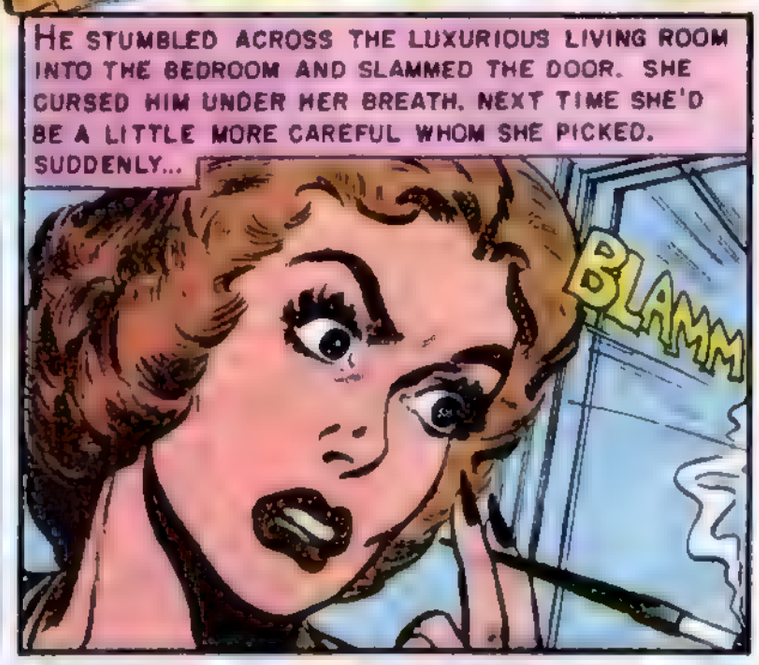
RONALD STARED AT ANITA. HIS MOUTH FELL OPEN...

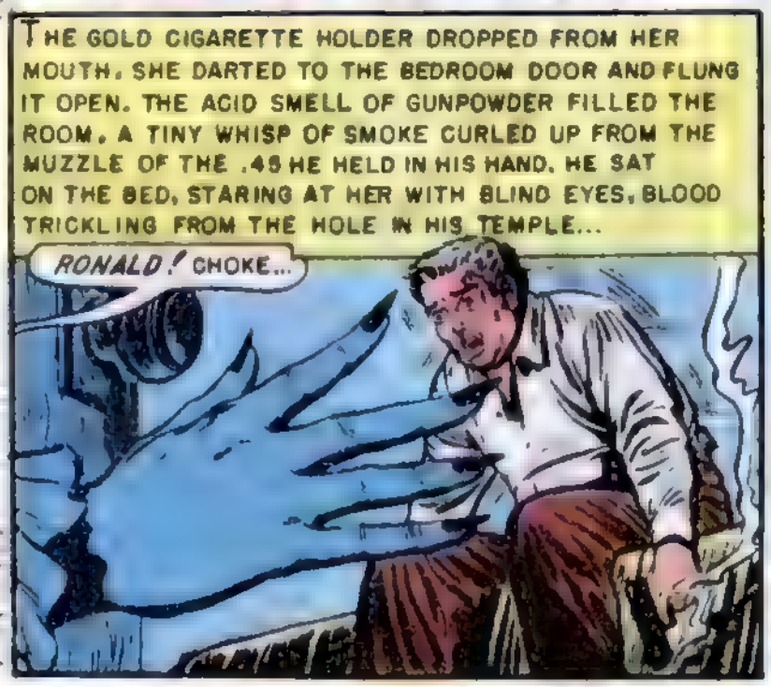
WHAT DO YOU *MEAN*, HONEY? THIS *ISN'T* THE END AT *ALL!* I CAN GET A *JOB*. THINGS WILL BE *TIGHT* FOR A FEW YEARS, BUT WE'LL HAVE *EACH OTHER!*

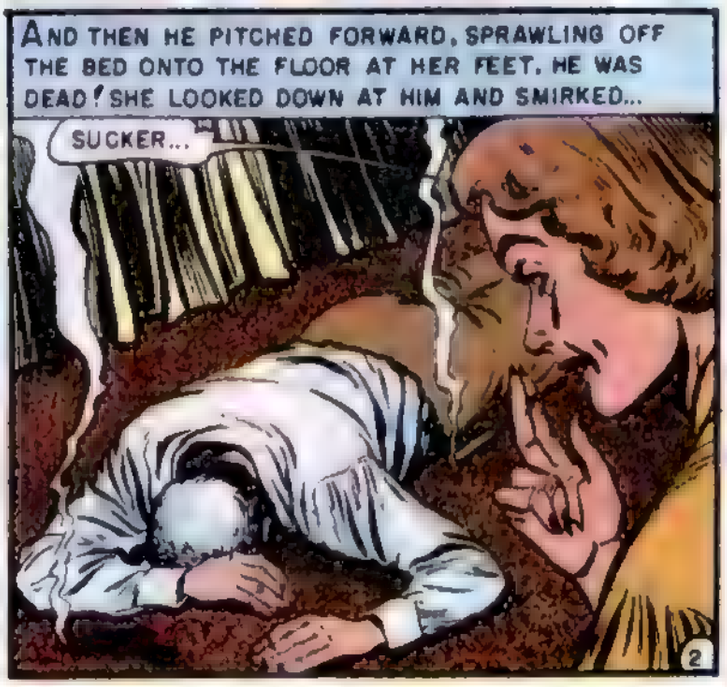
HAH! DON'T MAKE ME *LAUGH*, RONALD! IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO *GIVE UP ALL THIS*... AND MOVE *BACK DOWN THERE*... TO THE *RAT-HOLES*...

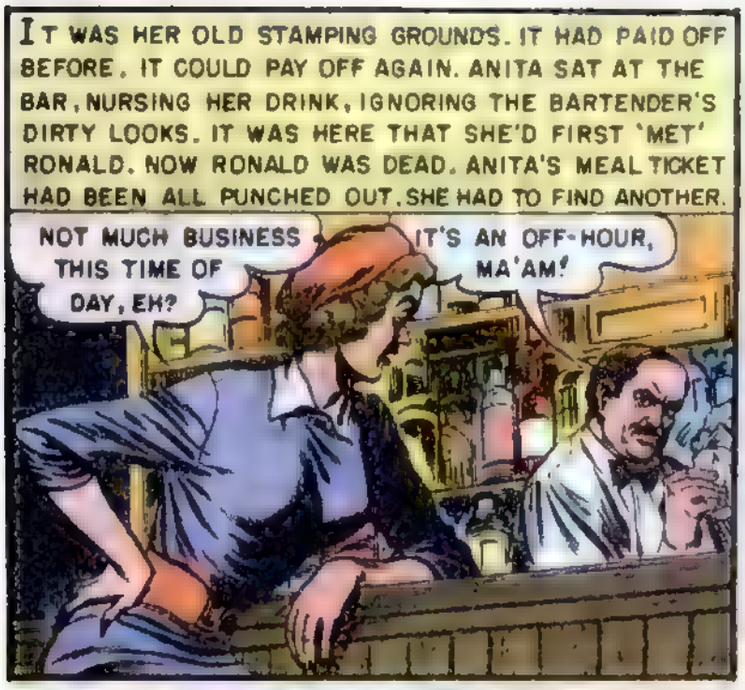

BUT I CAN'T AFFORD THIS PLACE NOW, ANITA! I ...
THEN I'LL FIND SOMEBODY WHO CAN AFFORD IT!
ANITA! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? WE... LOVE EACH OTHER!
I NEVER LOVED YOU, YOU CHUMP! I LOVED THIS.. THE DOUGH! NOW THAT THE DOUGH'S RUN OUT, I'LL FIND ME ANOTHER SUCKER!
ANITA! MY GOD! YOU.. YOU MADE ME DIVORCE HELEN! YOU PROMISED YOU'D MARRY ME...
IT WAS ALL IN THE GAME, BUSTER! NOW, WHY DON'T YOU RUN ALONG? HUH?

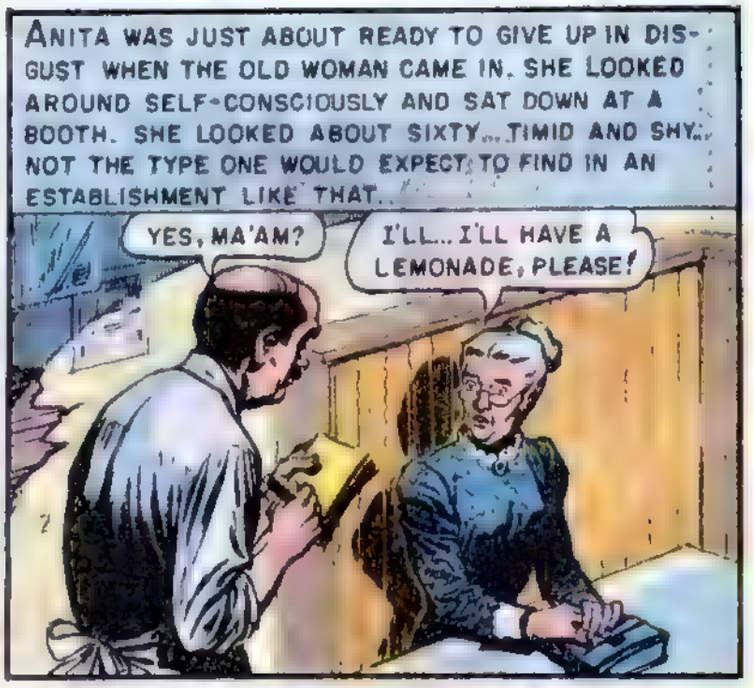

HE STOOD UP. HIS TONGUE CURLED ACROSS DRY LIPS. HE LOOKED AT HER WITH WET EYES. SHE TURNED AWAY, GAZED OUT OF THE WINDOW, AND SUCKED ON HER CIGARETTE...
I'LL... I'LL GET MY THINGS... FROM THE... DRAWER!
SUIT YOURSELF! ONLY MAKE IT SNAPPY, HUH? I WANT TO GET DRESSED!

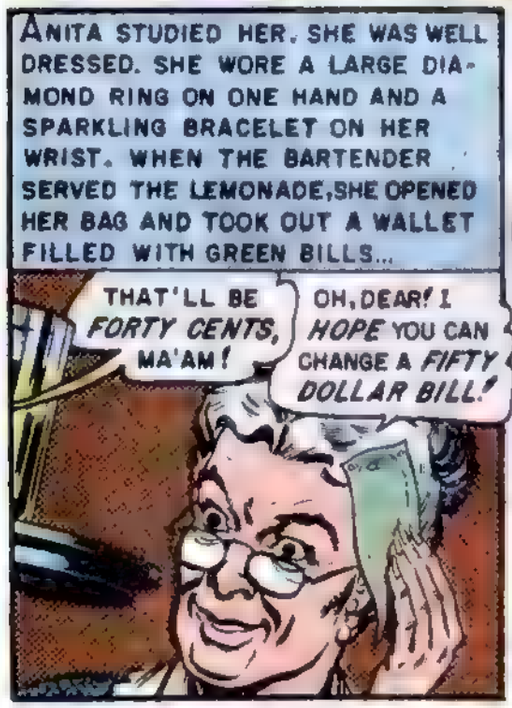

HE STUMBLED ACROSS THE LUXURIOUS LIVING ROOM INTO THE BEDROOM AND SLAMMED THE DOOR. SHE CURSED HIM UNDER HER BREATH. NEXT TIME SHE'D BE A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL WHOM SHE PICKED. SUDDENLY...
BLAMM

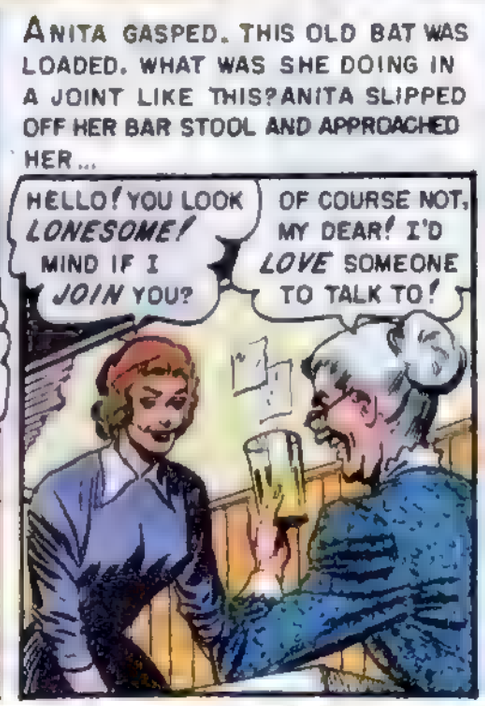

THE GOLD CIGARETTE HOLDER DROPPED FROM HER MOUTH. SHE DARTED TO THE BEDROOM DOOR AND FLUNG IT OPEN. THE ACID SMELL OF GUNPOWDER FILLED THE ROOM. A TINY WHISP OF SMOKE CURLED UP FROM THE MUZZLE OF THE .45 HE HELD IN HIS HAND. HE SAT ON THE BED, STARING AT HER WITH BLIND EYES, BLOOD TRICKLING FROM THE HOLE IN HIS TEMPLE...
RONALD! CHOKE...


AND THEN HE PITCHED FORWARD, SPRAWLING OFF THE BED ONTO THE FLOOR AT HER FEET. HE WAS DEAD! SHE LOOKED DOWN AT HIM AND SMIRKED...
SUCKER...
2


IT WAS HER OLD STAMPING GROUNDS. IT HAD PAID OFF BEFORE. IT COULD PAY OFF AGAIN. ANITA SAT AT THE BAR, NURSING HER DRINK, IGNORING THE BARTENDER'S DIRTY LOOKS. IT WAS HERE THAT SHE'D FIRST 'MET' RONALD. NOW RONALD WAS DEAD. ANITA'S MEAL TICKET HAD BEEN ALL PUNCHED OUT. SHE HAD TO FIND ANOTHER.
NOT MUCH BUSINESS THIS TIME OF DAY, EH?
IT'S AN OFF-HOUR, MA'AM!


ANITA WAS JUST ABOUT READY TO GIVE UP IN DISGUST WHEN THE OLD WOMAN CAME IN. SHE LOOKED AROUND SELF-CONSCIOUSLY AND SAT DOWN AT A BOOTH. SHE LOOKED ABOUT SIXTY... TIMID AND SHY... NOT THE TYPE ONE WOULD EXPECT TO FIND IN AN ESTABLISHMENT LIKE THAT.
YES, MA'AM?
I'LL... I'LL HAVE A LEMONADE, PLEASE!


ANITA STUDIED HER. SHE WAS WELL DRESSED. SHE WORE A LARGE DIAMOND RING ON ONE HAND AND A SPARKLING BRACELET ON HER WRIST. WHEN THE BARTENDER SERVED THE LEMONADE, SHE OPENED HER BAG AND TOOK OUT A WALLET FILLED WITH GREEN BILLS...
THAT'LL BE FORTY CENTS, MA'AM!
OH, DEAR! I HOPE YOU CAN CHANGE A FIFTY DOLLAR BILL!


ANITA GASPED. THIS OLD BAT WAS LOADED. WHAT WAS SHE DOING IN A JOINT LIKE THIS? ANITA SLIPPED OFF HER BAR STOOL AND APPROACHED HER...
HELLO! YOU LOOK LONESOME! MIND IF I JOIN YOU?
OF COURSE NOT, MY DEAR! I'D LOVE SOMEONE TO TALK TO!

ANITA SLID ONTO THE BOOTH BENCH OPPOSITE THE OLD WOMAN...
MY NAME'S ANITA SHELBY!
AND MINE'S MRS. HARRIET WALKER! BUT YOU CAN CALL ME HARRIET!

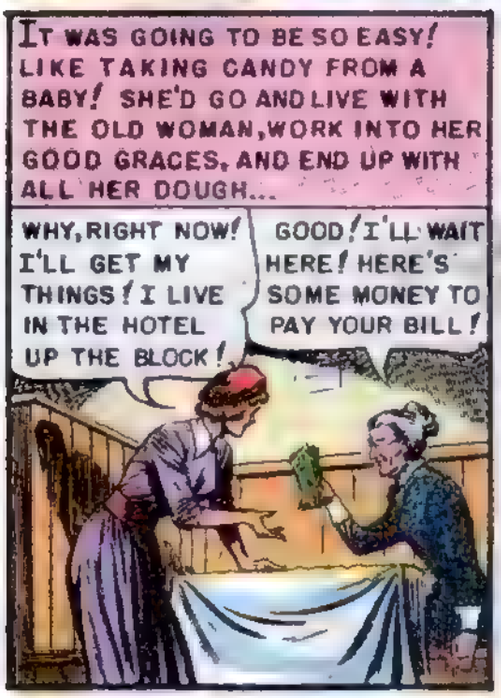
ANITA SMILED...
ALL RIGHT... HARRIET! SAY, WHAT'S A WOMAN LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS... ANYWAY?
JUST AS YOU SAID, ANITA! I'M LONELY! JUST A LONELY OLD WOMAN LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO TALK TO...

ANITA THOUGHT OF MRS. WALKER'S THICK WALLET CRAMMED WITH BIG BILLS...
DON'T YOU HAVE A HUSBAND, MRS.... I MEAN... HARRIET?
NO, MY DEAR! I'VE BEEN A WIDOW FOR FIFTEEN YEARS! IT WASN'T SO BAD UNTIL SIX YEARS AGO WHEN I LOST ERIC!
3

ERIC?
MY SON! BUT I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT. TELL ME ABOUT YOU, MY CHILD!
NOTHING TO TELL, HARRIET! I'M JUST A LONELY GIRL MYSELF!
YOU'RE A VERY LOVELY GIRL, ANITA! THERE'S NO REASON FOR YOU TO BE LONELY!
YOU'RE VERY KIND, HARRIET! BUT, WELL... I NEVER MET THE RIGHT MAN, I GUESS!
YOU WOULD HAVE LIKED ERIC SIX YEARS AGO! HE...
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TALK ABOUT IT IF YOU DON'T WANT TO, HARRIET!
WHAT DO YOU DO, ANITA! I MEAN... FOR A LIVING?
WELL, AS A MATTER OF FACT I'M UNEMPLOYED AT THE PRESENT TIME! MY LAST... ER... EMPLOYER RECENTLY WENT BROKE AND I LOST MY... POSITION!
OH! THAT'S TOO BAD! I'M SORRY! WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?
ANITA'S PLANS? WHY THEY WERE FORMING... RIGHT NOW! THIS OLD BAG WITH THE THICK BANKROLL! WHY NOT? WHY TRY TO DIG UP SOME FAT OLD RICH GUY WHO'LL TAKE EVERYTHING HE CAN GET, WHEN THE OLD GAL COULD BE SUCH EASY PICKINGS...
PLANS? WHY... GET ANOTHER JOB IF I CAN. MY MONEY'S RUNNING OUT!
WOULD YOU THINK IT PRESUMPTUOUS OF AN OLD WOMAN IF I SUGGESTED SOMETHING, ANITA?
N-NO! GO RIGHT AHEAD!
I LIKE YOU, ANITA! YOU SEEM LIKE A NICE GIRL! I'M LONELY AND I HAVE MONEY! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME MY PAID COMPANION? LIVE WITH ME?...
4

WHAT A CHANCE! THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT WAS GONE! ANITA'D ALREADY DECIDED TO TRY AND MILK THE OLD GAL, AND NOW HERE SHE WAS... ASKING FOR IT! ASKING ANITA TO COME AND LIVE WITH HER! WHAT A CHANCE...
A PAID COMPANION! LIVE WITH YOU! BUT...
I'D MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE, ANITA! AND HAVING YOU AROUND WOULD MAKE ME SO HAPPY!

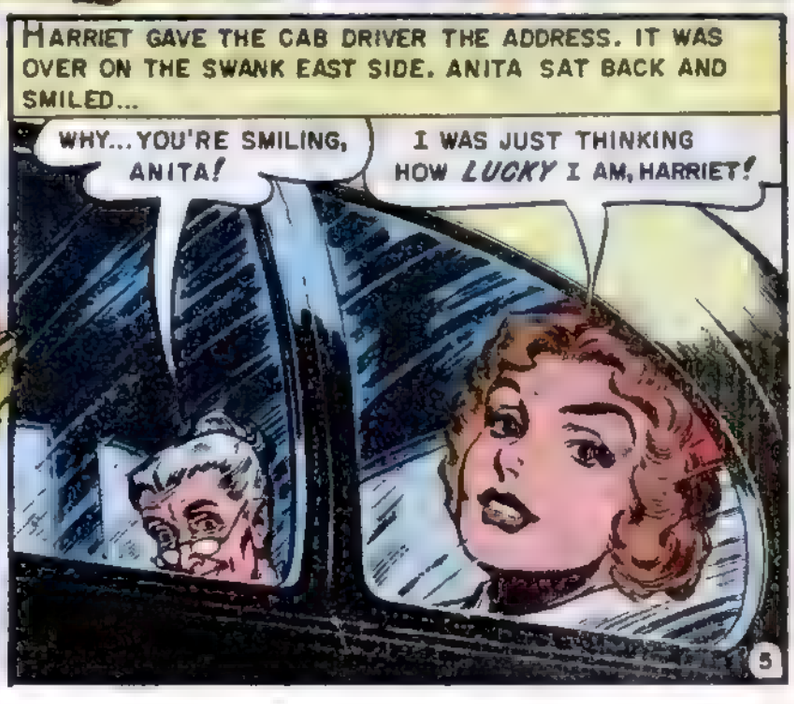
ALL RIGHT, HARRIET! IT SOUNDS WONDERFUL! I'LL TAKE THE JOB!
GOOD! WHEN CAN YOU START?


IT WAS GOING TO BE SO EASY! LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY! SHE'D GO AND LIVE WITH THE OLD WOMAN, WORK INTO HER GOOD GRACES, AND END UP WITH ALL HER DOUGH...
WHY, RIGHT NOW! I'LL GET MY THINGS! I LIVE IN THE HOTEL UP THE BLOCK!
GOOD! I'LL WAIT HERE! HERE'S SOME MONEY TO PAY YOUR BILL!

ANITA TOOK THE FIFTY! SHE HURRIED TO HER HOTEL ROOM! SO EASY! SO VERY EASY...
I'M CHECKING OUT! WHAT DO I OWE...
THAT'LL BE THIRTY-TWO FIFTY, MISS SHELBY! ANY... FORWARDING ADDRESS?

I'LL LET YOU KNOW! SO LONG!
GOOD-BYE, MISS SHELBY! GOOD LUCK!

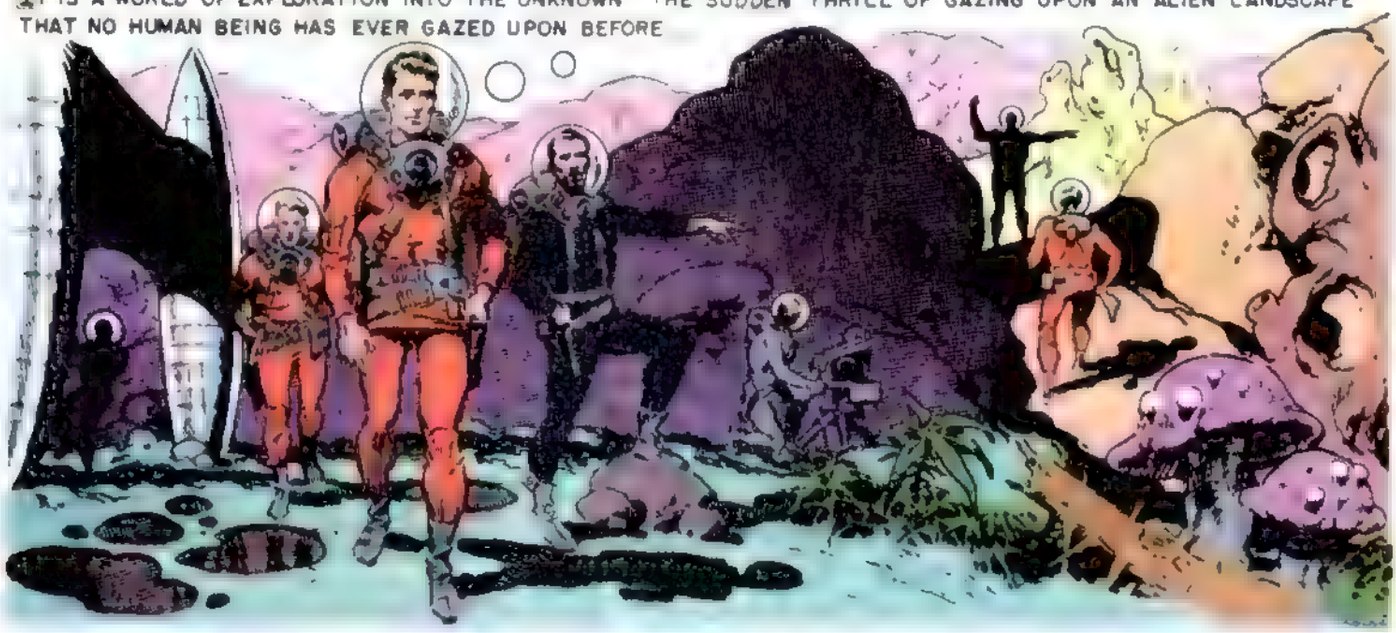
GOOD LUCK?! YES, ANITA WAS HAVING GOOD LUCK! THIS TIME THERE'D BE NO PAWING CIGAR-SMOKING MALE TO TOLERATE AND PLEASE. YES, THIS WAS LUCK...
OKAY, HARRIET! LET'S GO!
COME, MY DEAR! I HAVE A CAB WAITING!


HARRIET GAVE THE CAB DRIVER THE ADDRESS. IT WAS OVER ON THE SWANK EAST SIDE. ANITA SAT BACK AND SMILED...
WHY... YOU'RE SMILING, ANITA!
I WAS JUST THINKING HOW LUCKY I AM, HARRIET!

THE TRIP TOOK SOME TIME. CROSS-TOWN TRAFFIC WAS SLOW. ANITA FOUND A GOOD OPENING AND BEGAN TO PRY...
YOUR HUSBAND MUST HAVE LEFT YOU VERY WELL OFF, THEN!
HE MADE A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY! WE HAD EVERY-THING! WHEN HE DIED, HE LEFT US ALMOST HALF A MILLION!
US? OH! ERIC...
YES, ERIC! ERIC WAS FIFTEEN WHEN MY HUSBAND DIED! MY, HOW I SPOILED THE BOY! HE GOT EVERY-THING HE WANTED! EVERYTHING! AND THEN, SIX YEARS AGO...
THE CAB STOPPED...
IS THIS IT?
EH? OH! YES, MY DEAR! HOW MUCH WILL THAT BE, DRIVER?
IT WAS ONE OF THOSE FAST-DISAPPEARING EAST-SIDE MANSIONS SET BACK IN THE SHADOWS OF THE TOWERING APARTMENT HOUSES THAT HAD SPRUNG UP AROUND IT. THEY CLIMBED THE STEPS...
IT'S BEAUTIFUL, HARRIET!
NOT ANY MORE! IT USED TO BE BEAUTIFUL, BUT NOT ANY MORE!
THE OLD WOMAN FUMBLED IN HER PURSE FOR HER KEY! HER DIAMOND RING SPARKLED! ANITA STARED AT IT! SOMEDAY THAT RING WAS GOING TO BE HERS. SHE FELT HER FACE FLUSH...
AH! HERE WE ARE! THERE!
THEN... THEN YOU'RE ALL ALONE IN THE WORLD NOW, HARRIET?
THE HUGE DOOR SLAMMED SHUT BEHIND THEM. THEY STOOD IN THE SHADOWED MARBLE FOYER. ANITA HEARD THE LOCK SNAP INTO PLACE...
ALL ALONE? OH, NO! WHY, THERE'S ME... AND ERIC!
ERIC! BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE DIED SIX YEARS AGO!
SOMETHING MOVED IN THE DARKNESS BEYOND THE FOYER. SOMETHING DRAGGED ITSELF TOWARD THEM...
I SAID I LOST ERIC, ANITA! I DIDN'T SAY HE DIED!
MOTHER? IS... THAT... YOU...?
6

HE CAME OUT OF THE SHADOWS! HE WAS HUGE AND UGLY! HIS HAIR HUNG OVER HIS PERSPIRED BROW. HIS MASSIVE ARMS HUNG AT HIS SIDES. HIS EYES BURNED LIKE WHITE-HOT COALS AND A DROP OF SPITTLE OOZED FROM HIS MOUTH AND DOWN HIS UNSHAVEN CHIN...
THIS IS ERIC, MY DEAR! SIX YEARS AGO HE WAS A NORMAL TWENTY-FOUR YEAR OLD WITH EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR! AND THEN HE FELL IN LOVE... FELL IN LOVE WITH A WOMAN WHO WANTED HIM ONLY FOR HIS MONEY...
CHOKE...
YOU...YOU BROUGHT HER, MOTHER!
HE MOVED TOWARD ANITA..
HER NAME WAS NORMA! SHE USED HER LOVELY BODY TO LURE HIM...TO BREAK HIS HEART! HE HAD A MENTAL BREAKDOWN! WENT COMPLETELY MAD...
NORMA! NORMA...
NO! NO!...
AND SO, EVERY YEAR ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF ERIC'S 'LOSS', I HAVE TO BRING HIM A BEAUTIFUL GIRL LIKE NORMA SO THAT HE CAN HAVE HIS REVENGE...
NORMA!
DON'T TOUCH ME!
..SO THAT HE CAN MUTILATE HER BODY THE WAY NORMA MUTILATED HIS MIND!
NO! NO! OH, LORD!
AND TODAY I'VE BROUGHT HIM YOU!
EEEEEEEEE
THE END

GLADSTONE IS YOUR SOURCE...


IT IS A WORLD OF EXPLORATION INTO THE UNKNOWN THE SUDDEN THRILL OF GAZING UPON AN ALIEN LANDSCAPE THAT NO HUMAN BEING HAS EVER GAZED UPON BEFORE

...for SCIENCE FICTION!

...for HORROR!

YES! YOU'RE DYING! I PUT POISON IN THE MILK YOU DRANK! NOW YOUR MONEY WILL BE MINE!
NO! YOU FOOL! HELP ME! I'M... DYING! DYING! YOU (GASP!) MADE... MISTAKE!
MISTAKE... MISTAKE...

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The CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Welcome, horror and suspenstory fanatics, to the first of my newly reinstated columns. After being locked up in the *Crypt of Terror* for the last thirty-five years, it feels good to stretch my legs again. (No, V.K.! Not on your new rack! Chee...)

Anyways...I notice, to my chagrin, that no one has written to me in, well, a L-O-O-ONG time. So you know what I'm going to do? (What's that? Entertain you with a brand new story, you say? NAW! That'd be too much like WORK.) I'm gonna cop out and dig up some of my *old* letters and run 'em *again*. Sorta give you an idea of what the fans thought of me in the bad old days. After all, if you like my stories about mouldy old *corpses*, you oughta *love* these mouldy old *letters*.

For this issue's offering, I thought I'd share with you what my original readers thought about the copy of *Tales From the Crypt* you just enjoyed. And after you've read *their* thoughts, why don't you wrack your fevered li'l brains and come up with some comments of your *own*? Let me know what you latter-day unleashed fiends think of my fright rag. Now, on with the letters:

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Your origin story, "Lower Berth," was tops in nausea. So THAT'S where you came from! WOW! How horrible can you get?

Stuart Glass
Lynbrook, N.Y.

...I almost chewed my claws off reading "Lower Berth."

Nidred, the Were-cat
Salisbury, N.C.

...In the title, "Lower Berth," didn't you mean to spell the second word "Birth"?

Astute Observer
Bloomington, Ind.

No, Astute, I didn't mean to spell "Berth" "Birth"...but I wanted "Berth" to mean "Birth"...get what I mean? I mean...*(OH, SHUT UP! Get on with the column, if you know what WE mean!—ed.)* Oooooh, you're so mean! *(That's what we mean!—ed.)*

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I'm getting a big kick out of those Grim Fairy Tales. "The Funeral" was the greatest!

Dick Mandel
Boston, Mass.

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I'm thoroughly convinced that E.C. magazines are of the highest quality money can buy. There is not another comic on the stands today that can compare, even in part, with the high standards maintained by your magazine. Being a fifth year art student, I am constantly critical of comic art, and in my estimation, the artwork in your books rates supreme.

Roger A. Nippress
Bridgeport, Mich.

...I would go over Niagara Falls WITHOUT a barrel for an E.C. magazine.

Fred Barth
Peoria, Ill.

How touching. I tell you, when I think of my delightfully deranged fan(atic)s of yore, I get *fears* in my eyes!

And now, here's some original commentary on this issue's *Crime SuspenStories* offering:

Dear Editors,

In Crime SuspenStories No. 17, I especially enjoyed the way you intermingled the two narratives...ONE FOR THE MONEY, and TWO FOR THE SHOW. As usual, not knowing what to expect till the ending of the latter, I was completely taken by surprise. I sincerely hope that you'll pull a switch like that again.

David S. Spiel
Milton, Mass.

...I've read many a different, cunning, and interesting story in your mags, but those two just about top them all...

Allan Katz
Kew Gardens, L.I.

...I fear, gentlemen, you have made a mistake. Mother always sends their bodies to Kalamazoo...not Peoria. Oh, goodie! She's brought me another surprise! So if you'll excuse me...NORMA! NORMA!

Art "Eric" Walker
Binghamton, N.Y.

Dear Editors,

I would jump off the Empire State Building for an E.C. magazine.

John Reid
Hollywood, Calif.

We suppose you expect US to pay your plane fare east!!! But seriously, John...don't jump off the *Empire State Building*...jump *on* your *newsdealer!* He'll be glad to *sell* you an E.C.

Dear Editors,

I just don't know what to say. I wonder how you can keep on publishing such good stories. I'm afraid you're going to run out. If you do, I'll just stop reading comics. Because E.C. are THE ONLY comics!

G. W. Sheridan
Gainesville, Ga.

Ah, memories! And I fully expect to collect a whole batch of *new* ones from you modern, 1990s kinda readers. So find yourselves a cozy, clammy nook, pick up your poison pens, and WRITE already!

For the second part of this month's putrid ramblings, I'd like to acquaint and reacquaint you beady-eyed perusers with the part of my column that's always been nearest my tender old heart. (That's it...up there on the shelf in the meat tenderizer! Gettin' tenderer every day!) I'm referring to the section wherein I used to list the titles of popular songs, movies and etcetera of the day...but titles that my readers had, *heh heh*, transmogrified with a scream-theme in mind. Here are some examples, starting with these horrific song titles:

BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL GROUND EYES
AFTER THE MAUL IS OVER
I BELIEVE (THAT FOR EVERY DROP OF BLOOD THAT FALLS, A VAMPIRE GROWS)
WITH A TONG IN MY HEART
I'M SLITTING BY THE WINDOW (WATCHING THE BLOOD-DROPS FALL)
THE SQUEAL OF TORTURE
I'M WINCING WITH SPEARS IN MY THIGHS
RATTLE HYMN OF THE REPULSIVE
ON THE TAINTED SIDE OF THE MEAT
WHO'S GORY NOW?
DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEX
YOU'D BE SO NICE TO COME GROAN TO
THE GIRL THAT I BURY
SEND ME ONE DOZEN NOSES
JUNE IS GUSHING OUT ALL OVER
HAVE I TOLD YOU LATELY THAT I LOATHE YOU?
GHOULS RUSH IN WHEN HUMAN BEINGS ARE DEAD
LET'S HAVE ANOTHER CUT OF COFFIN, (AND LET'S HAVE ANOTHER PIECE OF EYE)
RED LIVER VALLEY
DON'T LET THE BLOOD GET IN YOUR EYES (DON'T LET THE CRUD CAKE IN YOUR HEART)
I'M BACK IN THE COFFIN AGAIN (OUT WHERE A FIEND IS A FIEND)
STAKE ME OUT IN THE BALL PARK

These additions to our LURID LITERATURE LIBRARY were sent along by Jimmy Crow of Dallas, Texas; Jimmy Teel of Pineville, W. Va.; and Drury Moroz of Springfield, Ill.:

SQUISH FAMILY ROBINSON
WITHERING SIGHTS
HOW GREEN WAS MY SALLY
THE LASH OF THE MOHICANS
THE GIZZARD OF OOZE
ROMEO...THE GHOUL HE ET!
LORNA'S DOOM

Darrel Gould of Grand Lake Stream, Maine and Sue Campbell and Amelia Alexander of Waynesville, N.C. came up with these MORBID MOVIES:

A STREETCAR MAIMED MY SIRE
THE AFRICAN'S SPLEEN
HIGH STREWN
THE GREATEST CHOKE ON EARTH
WRING SOLOMON'S SPINE

Here are some poems, the first by Michael Britekant of N.Y.C.:

Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet,
Watching the ghouls at play
When along came a vampire and sat down beside her
And sucked all her blood away.

And this one from Michael Graziano of Babylon, L.I.:

When I was young, I killed four people
And hid them in an old church steeple.
I'd seen them sleeping in their beds,
Raised my hammer, and smashed their heads.
When their bodies were found in the church,
The police started a nine-state search.
That was back in May of '43
But they never have located me.
(The reason that I beat the law
Is that I died a year before!)

Leoniece Baer submitted this one:

Down by the old mill stream
Where I first clawed you
You were sixteen
You let out a scream
You'll never be seventeen...

A chap by the name of "Unsigned" from Chicago composed:

A vampire took me home one night
To drink some blood and dine...
But it came as quite a shock to learn
The blood we drank was mine!

And finally, a suggestion for a new department...PUTRID PROVERBS...was submitted by Herbert Teisch, along with a few inspiring thought-provokers:

There's no ghoul like an old ghoul.
Vampires who live in glass coffins shouldn't throw stakes.
Never put off till tomorrow who you can drain today.
Don't count your pickin's before they're hatcheted.
Late to rise and late to bed, means you're a vampire and ought to be dead.
A stitch in time saves blood.
One man's person is another man's meat.

So, now that you've read all this dire doggerel, maybe you're feeling inclined to come up with some of your own loathsome titles. If so, the Vault-Keeper, the Old Witch, and I would *love* to see 'em...so send 'em on in...but keep in mind that us coots are now more than *100 years old* and we haven't been let out of our tombs lately—so we're not hep to some of this modern trash you kids call entertainment. So let us know what the real titles are, okay?

Send your song, movie and book titles, your poems and lyrics, your proverbs *and* (thought I'd forgotten, didn't you?) your letters of comment to me:

The Crypt-Keeper
P.O. Box 2079•Prescott, AZ 86302

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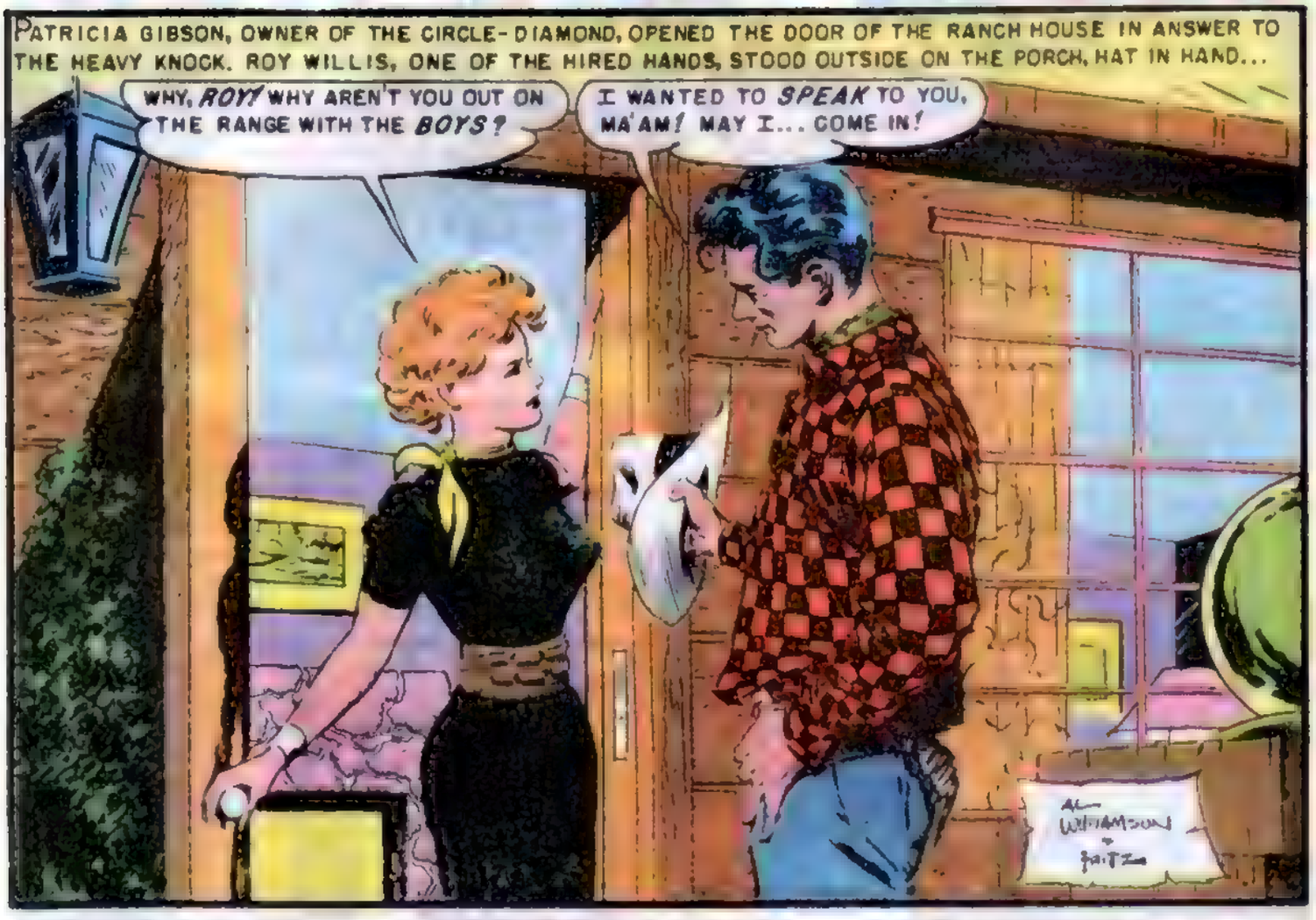
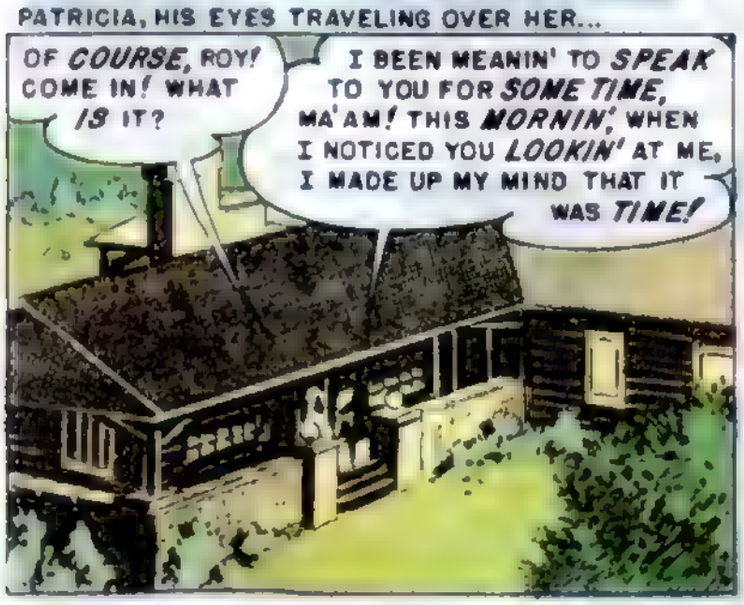
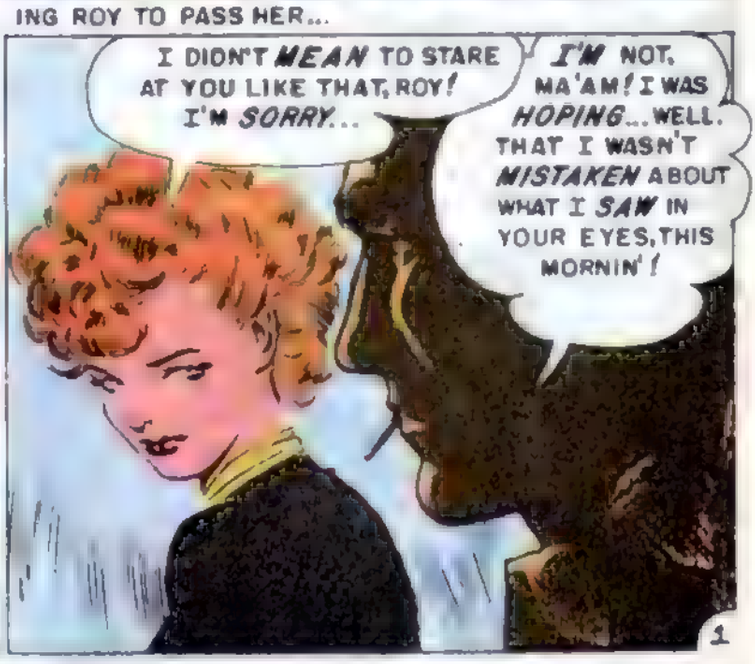
FIRED!


PATRICIA GIBSON, OWNER OF THE CIRCLE-DIAMOND, OPENED THE DOOR OF THE RANCH HOUSE IN ANSWER TO THE HEAVY KNOCK. ROY WILLIS, ONE OF THE HIRED HANDS, STOOD OUTSIDE ON THE PORCH, HAT IN HAND...
WHY, ROY! WHY AREN'T YOU OUT ON THE RANGE WITH THE BOYS?
I WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU, MA'AM! MAY I... COME IN!
ALAN WILLIAMSON
JOE ORLANDO

HE WAS TALL AND BROAD-SHOULDERED, AND HIS WINDSWEPT BLACK HAIR FELL IN A CURLED SHOCK OVER HIS PERSPIRING BROW. HE AMBLED TOWARD PATRICIA, HIS EYES TRAVELING OVER HER...


OF COURSE, ROY! COME IN! WHAT IS IT?
I BEEN MEANIN' TO SPEAK TO YOU FOR SOME TIME, MA'AM! THIS MORNIN', WHEN I NOTICED YOU LOOKIN' AT ME, I MADE UP MY MIND THAT IT WAS TIME!

PATRICIA LOOKED AWAY. SHE STEPPED ASIDE, ALLOWING ROY TO PASS HER...


I DIDN'T MEAN TO STARE AT YOU LIKE THAT, ROY! I'M SORRY...
I'M NOT, MA'AM! I WAS HOPING... WELL, THAT I WASN'T MISTAKEN ABOUT WHAT I SAW IN YOUR EYES, THIS MORNIN'!

HE STOOD OVER HER. SHE TURNED TO HIM...
WHAT DO YOU *THINK* YOU SAW, ROY?
I...I *THOUGHT* IT WAS THE LOOK OF A WOMAN WHO *WANTED* A MAN *REAL BAD*, MA'AM! *THIS* MAN...
SHE STARED AT THE FLOOR, HER FACE FLUSHING. ROY MOVED CLOSER...
THAT'S A RATHER *BRAZEN THOUGHT*, ROY!
TELL ME IT *ISN'T TRUE*, AND I'LL *GO*, MA'AM!
HIS BIG HANDS WERE ON HER ARMS NOW. HE HELD HER, LOOKING INTO HER EYES...
WHAT IF I TOLD YOU IT *WERE* TRUE, ROY? THAT I'VE LOOKED AT YOU *EVERY DAY* SINCE YOU *CAME* TO THE CIRCLE-DIAMOND... AND *WANTED YOU!* WHAT WOULD IT *MEAN* TO YOU?
PAT! WE'VE BEEN SUCH *FOOLS!* WE'VE WASTED SO MUCH *TIME!*
AND NOW HIS ARMS WERE AROUND HER, PULLING HER TOWARD HIM...
ROY! DARLING...
PAT...
OUTSIDE THE RANCH HOUSE, ROY'S HORSE WHINNIED AND PAWED THE GROUND. FAR AWAY, A CALF'S CRY OF PAIN DRIFTED ACROSS THE STILL AIR. IN THE RANCH HOUSE, ROY STOOD UP. PAT LOOKED UP AT HIM FROM THE SOFA...
I GOTTA *GO*, PAT! THE BOYS ARE *WAITIN'* ON ME OUT THERE! THEY GOT SOME *CALVES* TIED AND READY FOR BRANDIN'!
DON'T GO, ROY! THE BOYS CAN *WAIT*. STAY *HERE* FOR AWHILE...
ROY SHOOK HIS HEAD...
CAN'T, PAT! IT AIN'T *FAIR!* NOW, IF I WERE *FOREMAN* HERE... *RUNNIN'* THE SHOW... I COULD DO AS I *PLEASE!* I COULD *STAY* IF I *WANTED* TO!
IS *THAT* WHAT YOU WANT, ROY? TO BE *FOREMAN* OF THE *CIRCLE-DIAMOND?*
ROY NODDED AND SAT DOWN. PAT PUT HER CHEEK AGAINST HIS LIPS...
IF IT'LL MAKE YOU *HAPPY*, ROY, THE JOB IS *YOURS!* ALL *I* ASK IS... YOU KEEP *ME* HAPPY... IN *RETURN!*
IT'LL BE A *PLEASURE*, PAT! A *REAL PLEASURE*...
2

THE SUMMER WANED AND ROUND-UP TIME CAME TO THE CIRCLE-DIAMOND. THE STEERS WERE HERDED AND DRIVEN FROM THE GRAZING LANDS TO THE CORRALS...

THAT DOGGIE'S *STRAYIN'*, TIM!

I'LL BRING 'ER IN LINE, ROY!

THE CATTLE DESTINED FOR THE SLAUGHTER HOUSES WERE SEPARATED FROM THE REST OF THE HERD AND DRIVEN EASTWARD. THE YOUNG CALVES BORN OUT ON THE RANGE WERE BRANDED...

MISS *PAT* WANTS TO SEE YOU, ROY!

OKAY, TIM! HELP THE *BOYS*, HERE, HUH!

HOLD 'IM, NED!

AND THEN WINTER MOVED IN...BLEAK AND COLD. AROUND THE POT-BELLIED STOVE IN THE BUNKHOUSE, THE HANDS WOULD GATHER EACH EVENING...

LOOK! THERE GOES *ROY*... CUTTIN' CROSS THE YARD TO TH' HOUSE.

FOREMAN! BAH! JUS' 'CAUSE HE'S GOT *BIG BROAD SHOULDERS* AND A *HANDSOME FACE*...

HOLD YER *TONGUE!* IF'N HE *HEARS* YUH, YOU'LL BE LOOKIN' FOR *ANOTHER JOB!*

AND ALL THROUGH THE LONG WINTER...

NICE HERE BY THE FIRE, HUH, ROY?

YEAH! COZY...

BUT LONG WINTERS MEAN MORE THAN JUST COLD WEATHER. LONG WINTERS MEAN BOREDOM...

WHERE YOU *GOIN'*, ROY?

INTO *TOWN!* ANY *OBJECTIONS?*

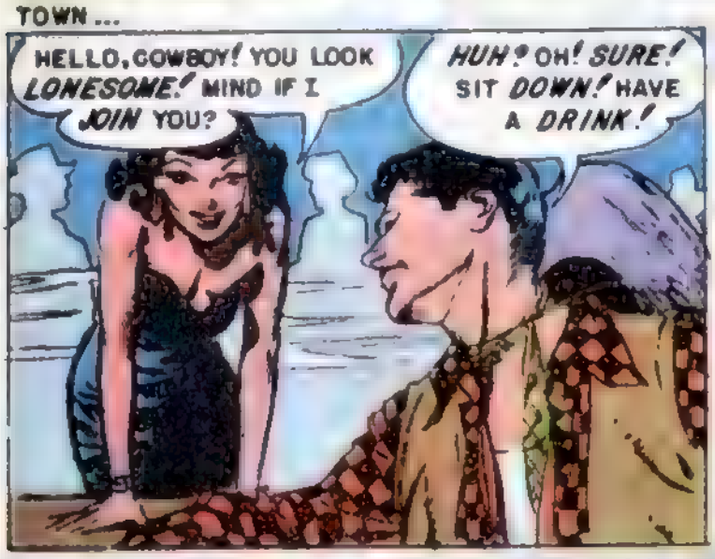
N-NO! YOU CAN GO INTO TOWN WHENEVER YOU WANT! ANYTHING *WRONG?*

JUST WANT A *CHANGE OF SCENE*, THAT'S ALL! I'M TAKIN' THE *CAR!*

ALL RIGHT, ROY! I'LL... *WAIT UP* FOR YOU!

DON'T *BOTHER!*

ROY SPED OFF AND PAT WATCHED THE YELLOW CLOUD OF DUST DISAPPEAR INTO THE GATHERING TWILIGHT, HER EYES FILLING WITH TEARS. THAT NIGHT. . IN TOWN...



SHE WAS PAINTED AND CHEAP-LOOKING... THE TYPE THAT COULD RELIEVE BOREDOM...

MY NAME'S AMY... AMY RYAN! I SING HERE. WHAT'S YOURS, COW-BOY?
ROY WILLIS, MA'AM! I'M FOREMAN AT THE CIRCLE-DIAMOND! I HEARD YOU SING! YOU GOT A NICE VOICE!

IT WAS EARLY IN THE MORNING WHEN ROY DROVE BACK TO THE RANCH, PATRICIA WATCHED FROM HER BEDROOM WINDOW AS HE CROSSED THE YARD TO THE BUNKHOUSE...
ROY... SOB! ROY...

ROY'S TRIPS TO TOWN THAT WINTER BECAME MORE AND MORE FREQUENT. HE SAW LESS AND LESS OF PAT...

AND HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH AMY BECAME WARMER AND WARMER...

AND THEN, ONE NIGHT, IN A ROOM OVER THE SALOON WHERE AMY WORKED...
ROY, HONEY! WHEN ARE WE GOIN' T'GET MARRIED? YOU BEEN PROMISIN'!
SOON, BABY! SOON...
SO...
IT WAS PAT. SHE'D FOLLOWED ROY TO TOWN. SHE STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, HER EYES BLAZING...
SO THIS IS HOW YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING YOUR NIGHTS IN TOWN!
PAT! YOU GOT A NERVE BUSTIN' IN HERE LIKE THIS! GET OUT!
WHO'S SHE, ROY?
PATRICIA GIBSON'S MY NAME, HONEY. DIDN'T ROY TELL YOU ABOUT ME?
GET OUT, PAT! I'LL SEE YOU WHEN I GET BACK TO THE RANCH!
WHAT ABOUT HER, ROY?
TELL HER, ROY! TELL HER ABOUT US!
I SAID GET OUT, PAT!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU HAD NO TIES, ROY!
HAH! THAT'S A LAUGH! HE'S ALL MINE, HONEY... AND NOBODY'S TAKIN' HIM AWAY FROM ME...
SHE'S CRAZY, AMY!
YOU'D BETTER LEAVE, AND YOU CAN TAKE HIM WITH YOU!
AMY SLAMMED THE DOOR. ROY AND PAT STOOD OUTSIDE IN THE HALL SHADOWS...
THAT WASN'T NICE OF YOU, ROY... TELLING AMY YOU HAD NO TIES...
I DON'T! I STILL DON'T!
I DON'T BELONG TO ANYBODY, PAT! NEITHER YOU... NOR AMY! I TAKE WHAT I GET! IT'S A BIG RANGE AND I GRAZE WHERE THE GRASS IS GREENEST! NOW I GUESS IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GIT MOVIN'! I'LL GO BACK TO THE RANCH WITH YOU AND GET MY THINGS...
ALL RIGHT, ROY! LET'S GO...
5

THE BOYS IN THE BUNK HOUSE WATCHED ROY AS HE PACKED HIS CLOTHES...

LEAVIN', ROY?

YEP! NOBODY'S GOIN' TO *HOG-TIE* ME!

PAT CALLED TO HIM FROM THE RANCH HOUSE AS HE WALKED PAST...

ROY! BEFORE YOU *GO*...

'TAIN'T NO *USE*, PAT! I'M *THROUGH*...

YOU *FORGOT* SOMETHIN', ROY!

YEAH? WHAT?

ROY CAME INTO THE RANCH HOUSE, PAT CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM AND SILENTLY LOCKED IT AS ROY LOOKED AROUND...

WHAT'D I FORGET, PAT?

YOU FORGOT OUR *DEAL*, ROY! I MADE YOU *FOREMAN*, AND *YOU* GOT WHAT YOU *WANTED!* YOU'RE *MINE*, ROY! YOU *CAN'T* BACK OFF NOW... NOT AFTER ALL I'VE *GIVEN* YOU...

THE BLAZE IN THE FIREPLACE BURNED BRISKLY...

OH, *NO*, PAT! *YOU* GOT NO *HOLD* ON *ME!* WE'RE *NOT MARRIED! REMEMBER?* I CAN PULL OUT *ANYTIME!* THERE'S *NOTHIN'* SAYS I'M *YOURS!* NOTHIN'...

OH, *YES* THERE *IS*, ROY!

PAT DARTED TO THE FIREPLACE...SNATCHING THE BLACK HANDLE FROM THE FLAMES. THE DESIGN GLOWED WHITE-HOT...

THIS SAYS YOU'RE *MINE!* IT'S *MY BRAND!* THE *CIRCLE-DIAMOND!*

PAT! *NO! MY GOD!* PUT THAT... *DOWN!*

EEEAAAGHH!

WHEN THE BUNK HOUSE BOYS FINALLY BROKE INTO THE RANCH HOUSE, THEY FOUND PATRICIA GIBSON SOBBING HYSTERICALLY, THE COOLING IRON IN HER HANDS! AND ON ROY'S FACE WAS THE BLISTERED AND CHARRED RESULTS OF HER WORK...

GOOD LORD!

CHOKE!

THE END

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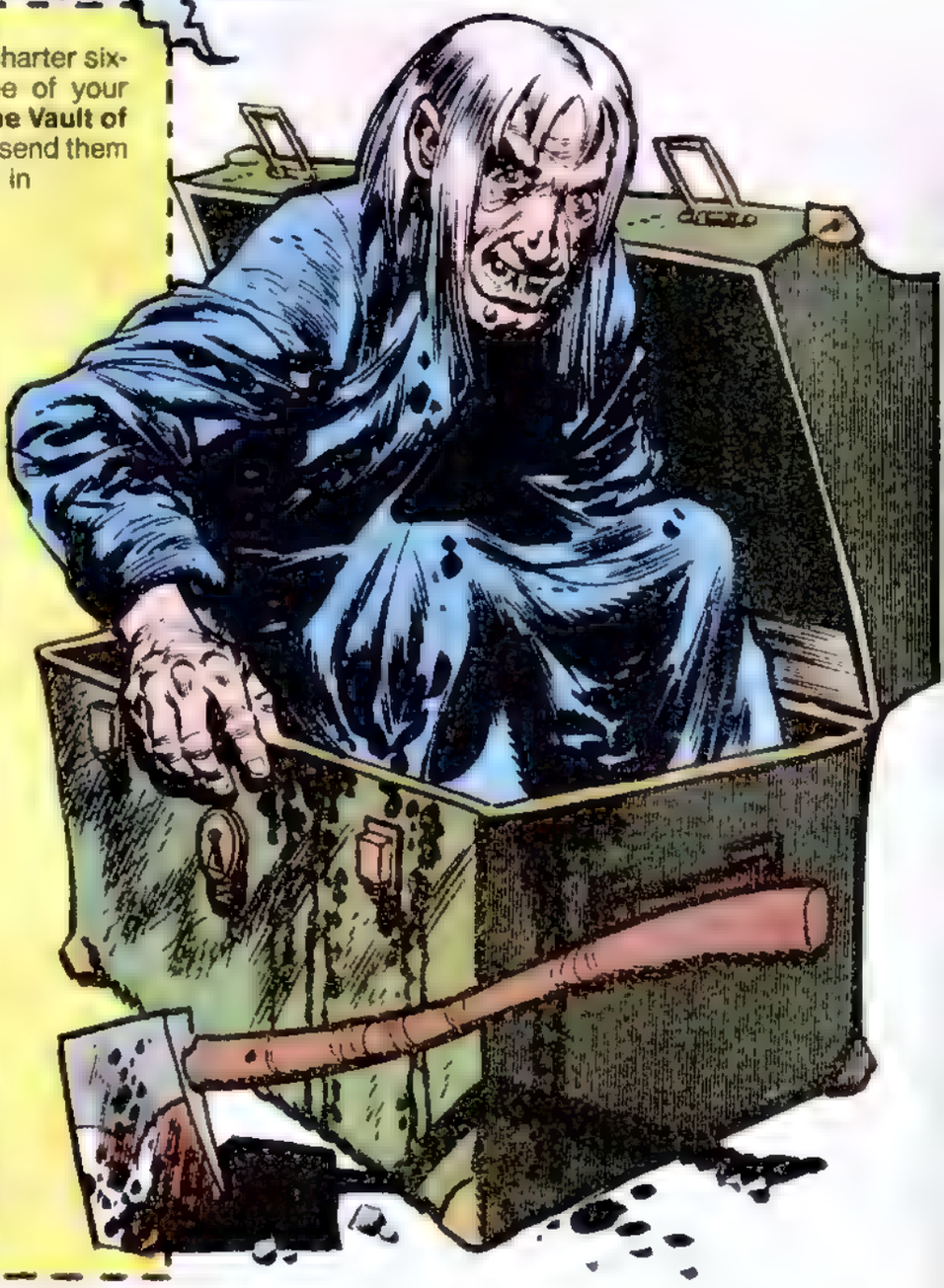


TWO FOR THE SHOW!

THE STORM BREWED. ITS THUNDER WAS THE HAMMERING ROAR OF A POUNDING HEART. ITS LIGHTNING WAS THE FLASH OF HATE IN GLAZED EYES. THE STORM CARRIED WITH IT, IN SWIRLING CLOUDS OF EMOTION, THE CRASHING FURY OF MURDER. THE STORM CROUCHED IN THE CELLAR, READY TO LEASH FORTH ITS ANGRY FORCE, ITS SCREAMING DOWNPOUR. IT CROUCHED IN THE CELLAR AND BOILED AS THE CELLAR DOOR OPENED. IT ROSE UP, BLACK AND FOREBODING, AS SHE CAME DOWN THE CREAKING WOODEN STAIRS. AND THEN, AS SHE REACHED THE BOTTOM, THE STORM BROKE...

HARRY! MY GOD! EEEEEEEEEE...

ELDER

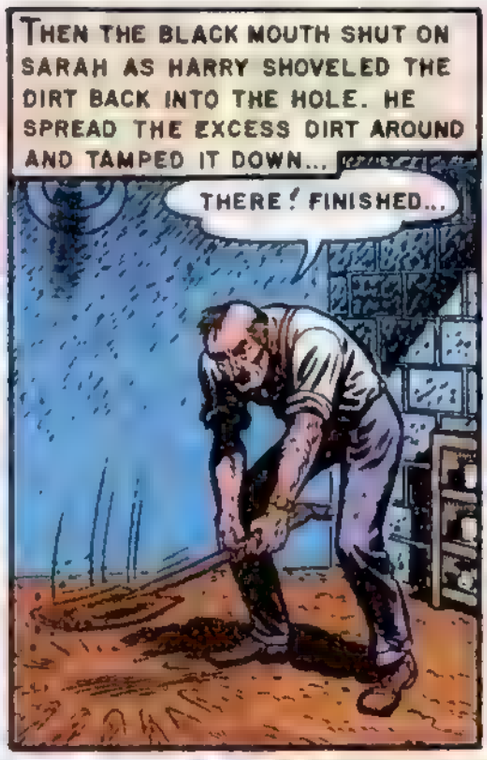
SHE WAS DEAD. HARRY STOOD OVER HER, THE DRIPPING HATCHET HANGING LIMPLY. DEEP DOWN INSIDE HIM, THE LAST FAINT ECHO OF THE STORM DIED AWAY AND A CALM DESCENDED. THE THUNDER IN HIS HEART WAS GONE... THE LIGHTNING IN HIS EYES DIMMED...

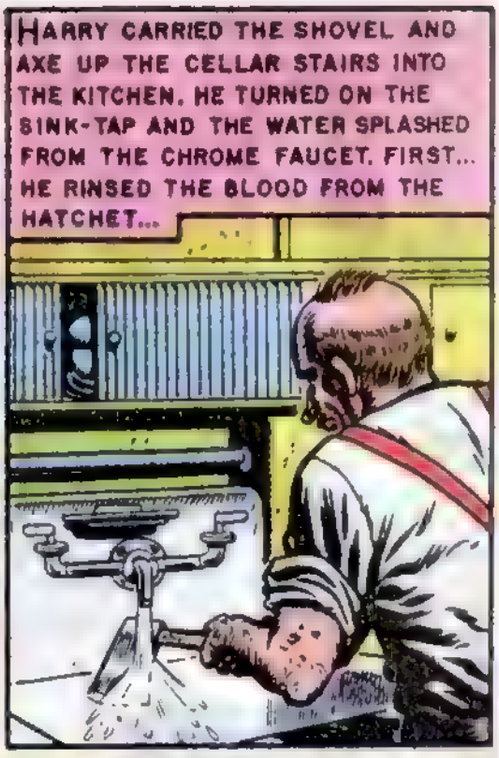
IT...IT'S *DONE*, SARAH. *IT'S... DONE...*

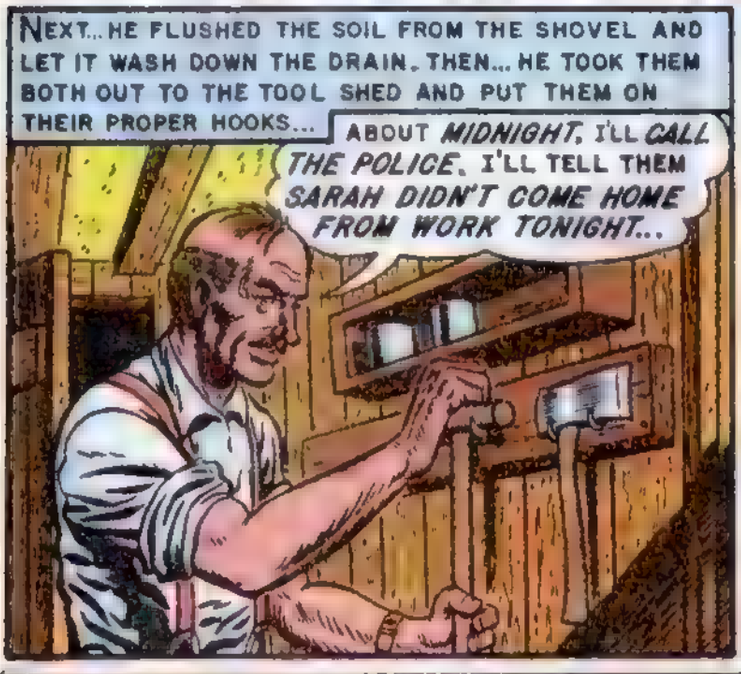
THERE WAS A PEACE IN HARRY NOW... AS IF A GREAT BLACK CLOUD HAD BEEN SWEPT AWAY AND THE SUN WAS AT LAST SHINING ON HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME. AND THERE WAS COOLNESS THERE... THE COOLNESS OF A DETERMINED MAN... A MAN WHO'D FREED HIMSELF FROM THE FIRES OF HATE. HE TOOK THE SHOVEL AND BEGAN TO DIG...

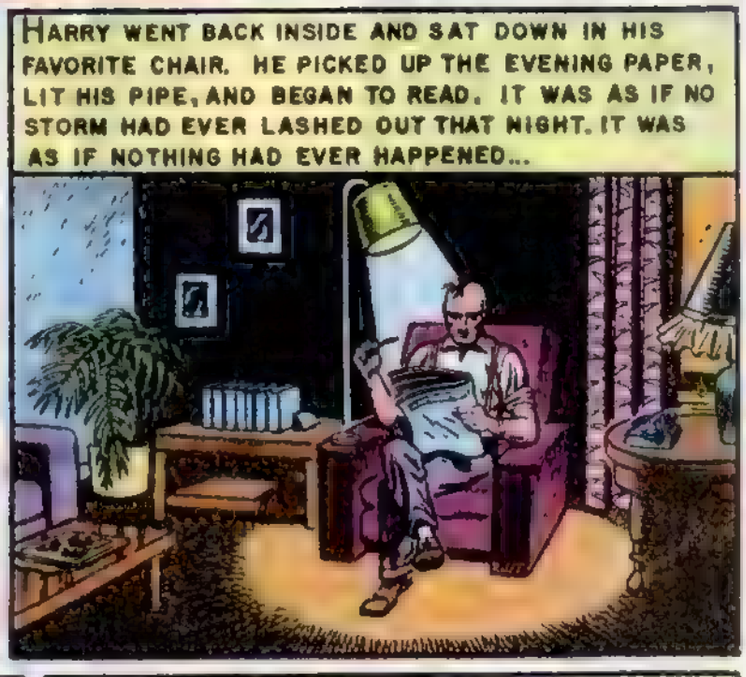
I'LL *BURY* YOU, SARAH... *HERE*... IN THE *CELLAR*. I'LL BURY YOU AND THEN I'LL REPORT YOU *MISSING*. I'LL TELL THEM YOU *WENT AWAY* AND *NEVER CAME BACK*...

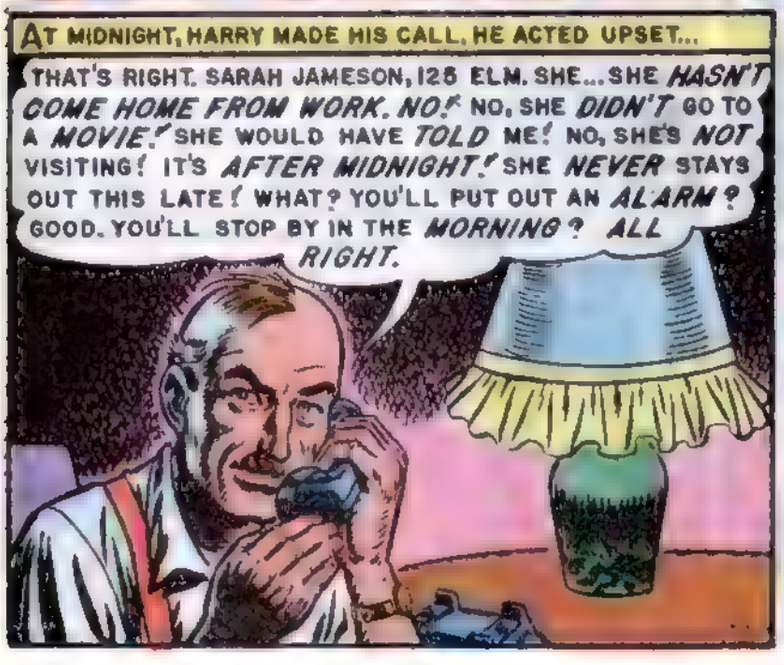
THE HOLE IN THE CELLAR YAWNED HUNGRILY. HARRY FED IT SARAH'S BODY, AND THE BLACKNESS GULPED IT DOWN...
IN... YOU... GO...

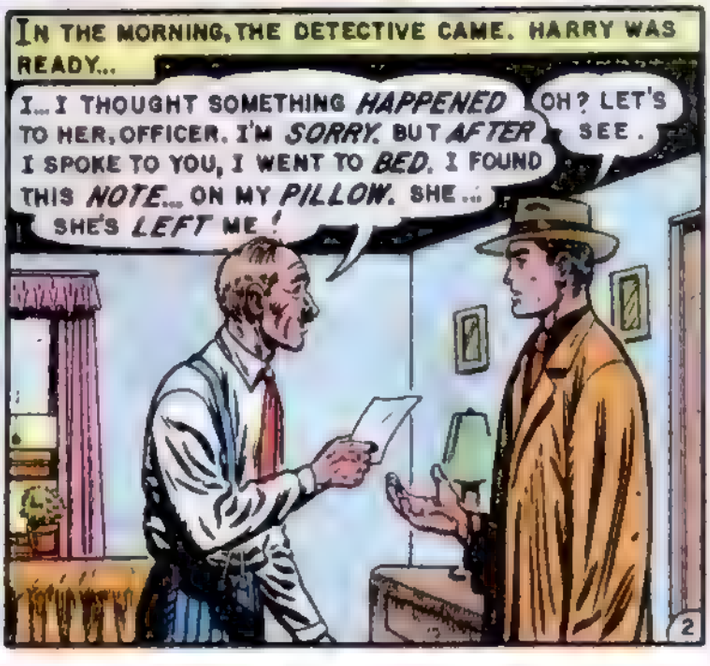

THEN THE BLACK MOUTH SHUT ON SARAH AS HARRY SHOVELED THE DIRT BACK INTO THE HOLE. HE SPREAD THE EXCESS DIRT AROUND AND TAMPED IT DOWN...
THERE! FINISHED...

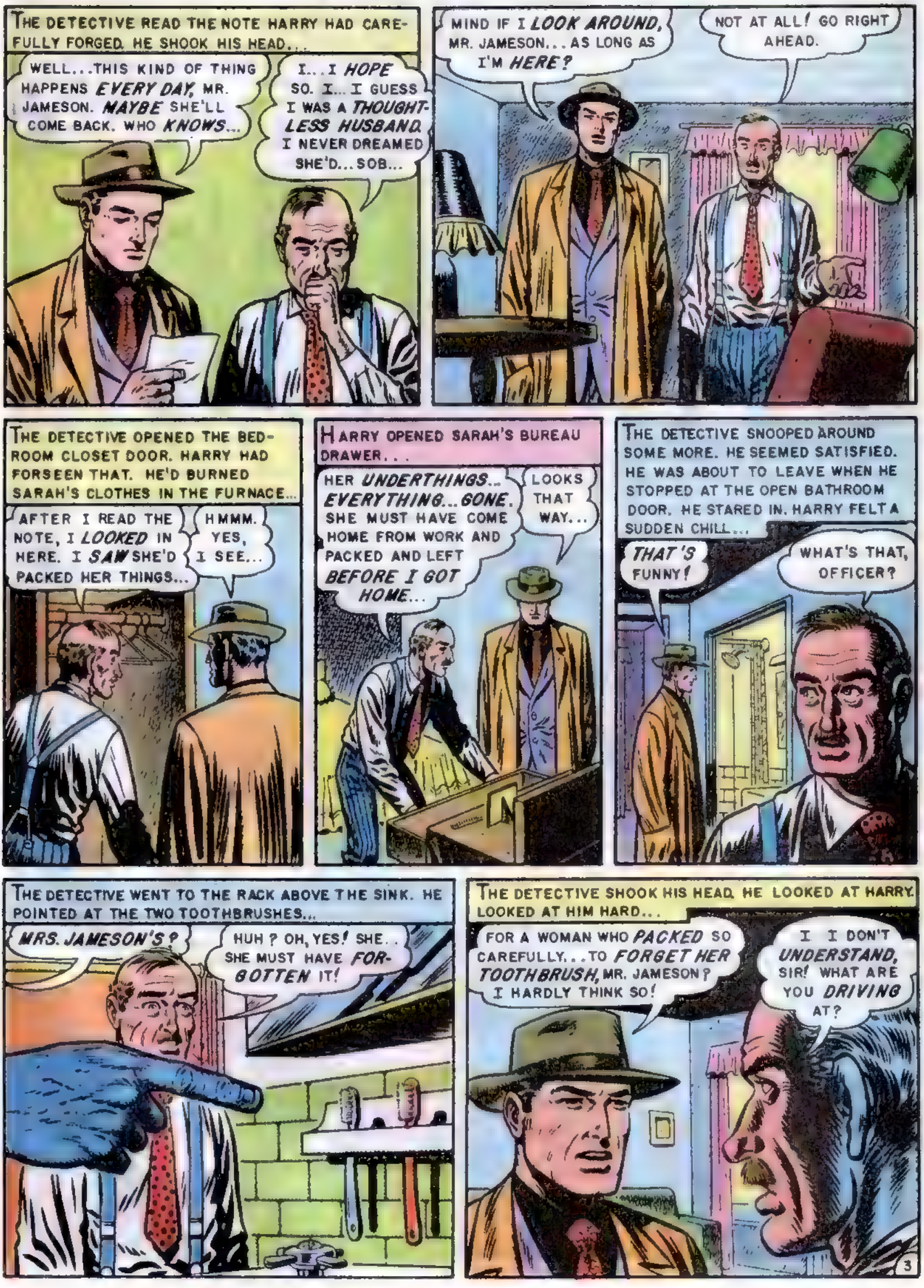

HARRY CARRIED THE SHOVEL AND AXE UP THE CELLAR STAIRS INTO THE KITCHEN. HE TURNED ON THE SINK-TAP AND THE WATER SPLASHED FROM THE CHROME FAUCET. FIRST... HE RINSED THE BLOOD FROM THE HATCHET...


NEXT... HE FLUSHED THE SOIL FROM THE SHOVEL AND LET IT WASH DOWN THE DRAIN. THEN... HE TOOK THEM BOTH OUT TO THE TOOL SHED AND PUT THEM ON THEIR PROPER HOOKS...
ABOUT MIDNIGHT, I'LL CALL THE POLICE. I'LL TELL THEM SARAH DIDN'T COME HOME FROM WORK TONIGHT...


HARRY WENT BACK INSIDE AND SAT DOWN IN HIS FAVORITE CHAIR. HE PICKED UP THE EVENING PAPER, LIT HIS PIPE, AND BEGAN TO READ. IT WAS AS IF NO STORM HAD EVER LASHED OUT THAT NIGHT. IT WAS AS IF NOTHING HAD EVER HAPPENED...

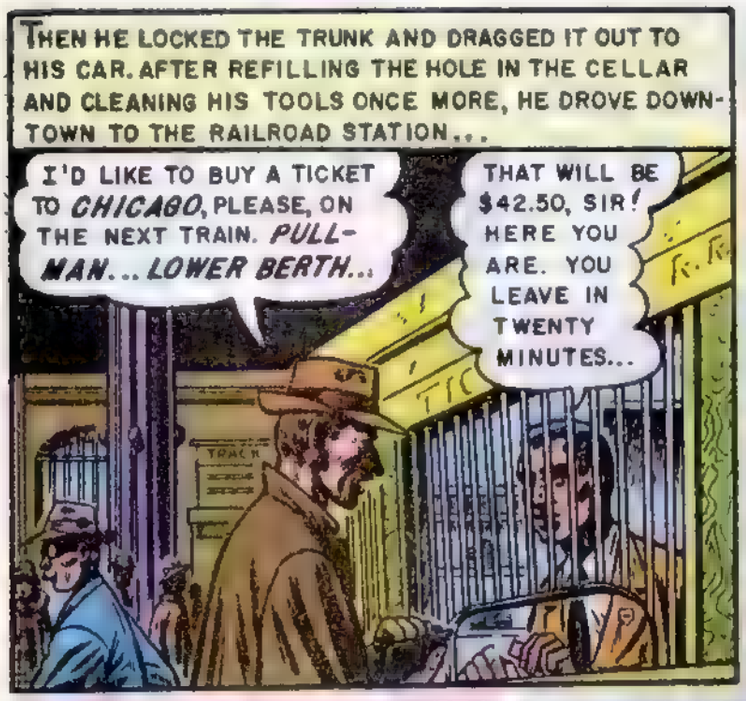

AT MIDNIGHT, HARRY MADE HIS CALL. HE ACTED UPSET...
THAT'S RIGHT. SARAH JAMESON, 128 ELM. SHE... SHE HASN'T COME HOME FROM WORK. NO! NO, SHE DIDN'T GO TO A MOVIE! SHE WOULD HAVE TOLD ME! NO, SHE'S NOT VISITING! IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT! SHE NEVER STAYS OUT THIS LATE! WHAT? YOU'LL PUT OUT AN ALARM? GOOD. YOU'LL STOP BY IN THE MORNING? ALL RIGHT.

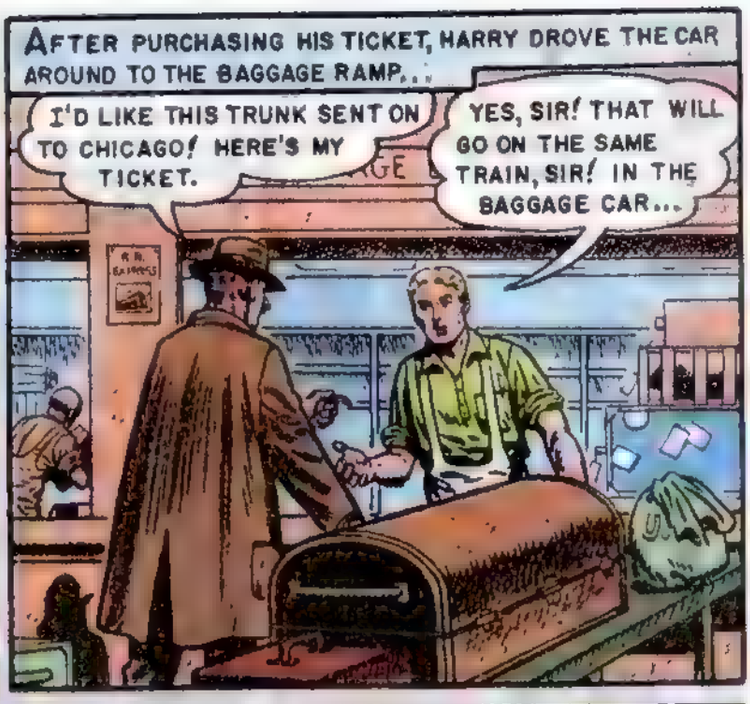

IN THE MORNING, THE DETECTIVE CAME. HARRY WAS READY...
I... I THOUGHT SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HER, OFFICER. I'M SORRY. BUT AFTER I SPOKE TO YOU, I WENT TO BED. I FOUND THIS NOTE... ON MY PILLOW. SHE... SHE'S LEFT ME!
OH? LET'S SEE.
2

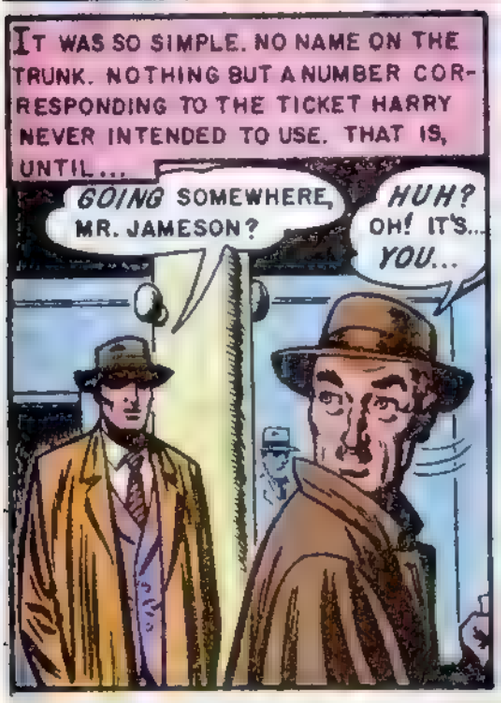

THE DETECTIVE READ THE NOTE HARRY HAD CAREFULLY FORGED. HE SHOOK HIS HEAD...
WELL...THIS KIND OF THING HAPPENS EVERY DAY, MR. JAMESON. MAYBE SHE'LL COME BACK. WHO KNOWS...
I...I HOPE SO. I... I GUESS I WAS A THOUGHTLESS HUSBAND. I NEVER DREAMED SHE'D... SOB...
MIND IF I LOOK AROUND, MR. JAMESON... AS LONG AS I'M HERE?
NOT AT ALL! GO RIGHT AHEAD.
THE DETECTIVE OPENED THE BEDROOM CLOSET DOOR. HARRY HAD FORSEEN THAT. HE'D BURNED SARAH'S CLOTHES IN THE FURNACE...
AFTER I READ THE NOTE, I LOOKED IN HERE. I SAW SHE'D PACKED HER THINGS...
HMMM. YES, I SEE...
HARRY OPENED SARAH'S BUREAU DRAWER...
HER UNDERTHINGS... EVERYTHING... GONE. SHE MUST HAVE COME HOME FROM WORK AND PACKED AND LEFT BEFORE I GOT HOME...
LOOKS THAT WAY...
THE DETECTIVE SNOOPED AROUND SOME MORE. HE SEEMED SATISFIED. HE WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN HE STOPPED AT THE OPEN BATHROOM DOOR. HE STARED IN. HARRY FELT A SUDDEN CHILL...
THAT'S FUNNY!
WHAT'S THAT, OFFICER?
THE DETECTIVE WENT TO THE RACK ABOVE THE SINK. HE POINTED AT THE TWO TOOTHBRUSHES...
MRS. JAMESON'S?
HUH? OH, YES! SHE.. SHE MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN IT!
THE DETECTIVE SHOOK HIS HEAD. HE LOOKED AT HARRY. LOOKED AT HIM HARD...
FOR A WOMAN WHO PACKED SO CAREFULLY...TO FORGET HER TOOTHBRUSH, MR. JAMESON? I HARDLY THINK SO!
I I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR! WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT?
3

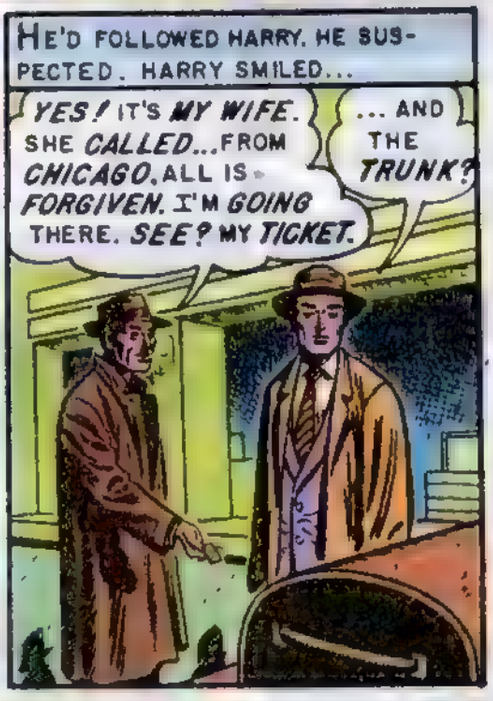
THE DETECTIVE GRIMACED...
I HAVE A FEELING, MR. JAMESON... A FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE. IF YOU DON'T MIND, I THINK WE'LL INVESTIGATE YOUR WIFE'S SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE AFTER ALL.
WHY...WHY OF COURSE, OFFICER. GO RIGHT AHEAD...
...AND WHEN YOU FIND HER, TELL HER I'M SORRY... TELL HER TO COME BACK TO ME...TELL HER I NEED HER. WILL YOU?
YEAH, MR. JAMESON! SURE. I'LL TELL HER— IF I FIND HER!
THE DETECTIVE WAS GONE. HARRY STOOD AT THE DOOR, SHIVERING...
HE KNOWS. I... I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING. HE'LL COME BACK WITH A WARRANT! THEY'LL SEARCH THE HOUSE... FIND THE FRESH-DUG GRAVE IN THE CELLAR. I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING...
HARRY WENT UP INTO THE ATTIC. HE PULLED THE TRUNK FROM BENEATH THE PILE OF DUSTY OLD RELICS...
YES. YES. IT'S THE ONLY WAY. I'VE GOT TO GET HER BODY OUT OF THE HOUSE... GOT TO GET RID OF IT. AND I THINK I KNOW HOW...
HARRY DRAGGED THE TRUNK DOWN INTO THE CELLAR. THEN HE WENT TO THE TOOL SHED, AND GOT THE SHOVEL AND THE HATCHET AND BROUGHT THEM TO THE CELLAR. HE BEGAN TO DIG...
AN UNIDENTIFIABLE BODY... IN A TRUNK. HOW COULD THEY TRACE IT TO ME...?
SARAH'S BATTERED AND BLOODY BODY WAS STIFF WITH RIGOR MORTIS WHEN HARRY LIFTED IT FROM ITS GRAVE. HE DUMPED IT INTO THE TRUNK...
NOW TO MAKE SURE IT WILL BE AN UNIDENTIFIABLE BODY...
HARRY PICKED UP THE HATCHET AND BEGAN TO HACK. THE BLADE ROSE AND FELL... ROSE AND FELL...UNTIL THE THING BEFORE HIM MELTED AWAY INTO A MASS OF RED BLOBS AND WHITE BONE... COUNTLESS SEVERED SECTIONS OF A ONCE WHOLE HUMAN BODY...
UGH... UGH...UGH... GASP! THERE! THAT OUGHT TO DO IT!
4

THE TRAIN PULLED OUT AND HARRY BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF. AFTER A WHILE HE WENT FORWARD TO THE BAGGAGE CAR...
JUST CHECKING. YOU HAVE A BROWN TRUNK... OH... THERE IT IS!
THIS ONE? 266-95! TO PEORIA?
HARRY CHECKED HIS TICKET...
NO! 266-81... TO CHICAGO! OH... HERE IT IS. WHY THEY'RE ALMOST EXACTLY ALIKE!
THAT HAPPENS. DON'T WORRY I'LL BE CAREFUL, SIR!
HARRY WENT BACK TO THE CLUB CAR. HIS BLOOD FROZE AS HE ENTERED. THE DETECTIVE WAS SITTING THERE, DRINKING A LEMONADE..
CHOKE...
HARRY DUCKED BACK, FAST. HIS HEART BEGAN TO POUND LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER. THAT BLASTED DETECTIVE. HE WAS HOUNDING HARRY... FOLLOWING HIM TO CHICAGO. AND AT CHICAGO, THERE'D BE NO SARAH TO MEET HARRY... AND HE'D GET SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THE TRUNK...
THE TRUNK! OF COURSE! WHAT A BREAK!
HARRY MADE HIS WAY BACK TO THE BAGGAGE CAR...
THAT OTHER TRUNK! IF I COULD SWITCH TICKETS, MY TRUNK WILL BE TOSSED OFF AT PEORIA... WITH SARAH'S REMAINS IN IT...
THE BAGGAGE CAR WAS DIMLY LIT AS HARRY ENTERED. THE CLERK DOZED IN A CORNER. HARRY SLIPPED PAST HIM...
AND I'LL HAVE THE OTHER ONE. I'LL BE SAFE!
HARRY UNTIED THE TICKETS AND SWITCHED THEM. HE PATTED HIS TRUNK... THE ONE WITH THE GRISLY CARGO..
SO LONG, SARAH! SOMEBODY IN PEORIA IS GOING TO BE AWFULLY SHOCKED TO SEE WHAT'S LEFT OF YOU...
266-95 PEORIA
6

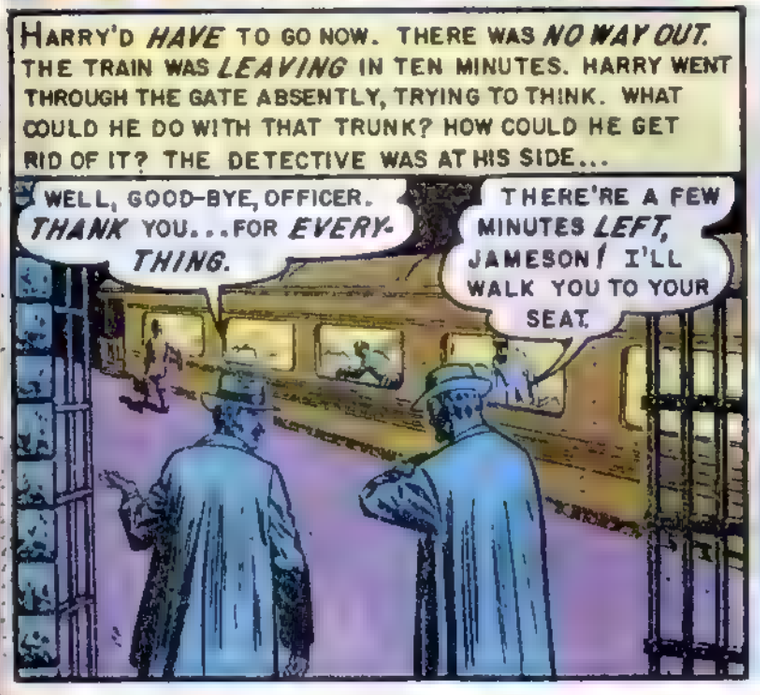

THEN HE LOCKED THE TRUNK AND DRAGGED IT OUT TO HIS CAR. AFTER REFILLING THE HOLE IN THE CELLAR AND CLEANING HIS TOOLS ONCE MORE, HE DROVE DOWN-TOWN TO THE RAILROAD STATION...
I'D LIKE TO BUY A TICKET TO CHICAGO, PLEASE, ON THE NEXT TRAIN. PULL-MAN... LOWER BERTH...
THAT WILL BE $42.50, SIR! HERE YOU ARE. YOU LEAVE IN TWENTY MINUTES...

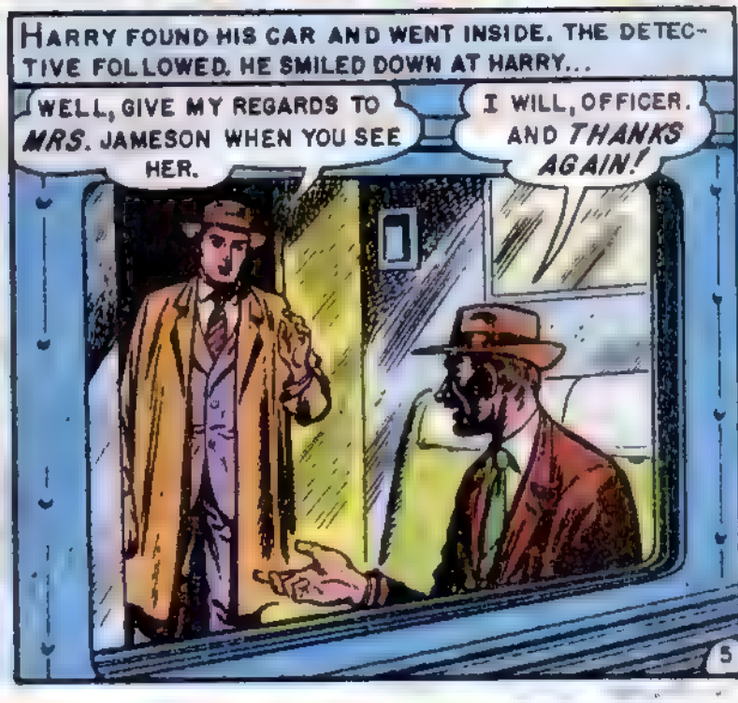

AFTER PURCHASING HIS TICKET, HARRY DROVE THE CAR AROUND TO THE BAGGAGE RAMP...
I'D LIKE THIS TRUNK SENT ON TO CHICAGO! HERE'S MY TICKET.
YES, SIR! THAT WILL GO ON THE SAME TRAIN, SIR! IN THE BAGGAGE CAR...


IT WAS SO SIMPLE. NO NAME ON THE TRUNK. NOTHING BUT A NUMBER CORRESPONDING TO THE TICKET HARRY NEVER INTENDED TO USE. THAT IS, UNTIL...
GOING SOMEWHERE, MR. JAMESON?
HUH? OH! IT'S... YOU...


HE'D FOLLOWED HARRY. HE SUSPECTED. HARRY SMILED...
YES! IT'S MY WIFE. SHE CALLED... FROM CHICAGO. ALL IS FORGIVEN. I'M GOING THERE. SEE? MY TICKET.
... AND THE TRUNK?

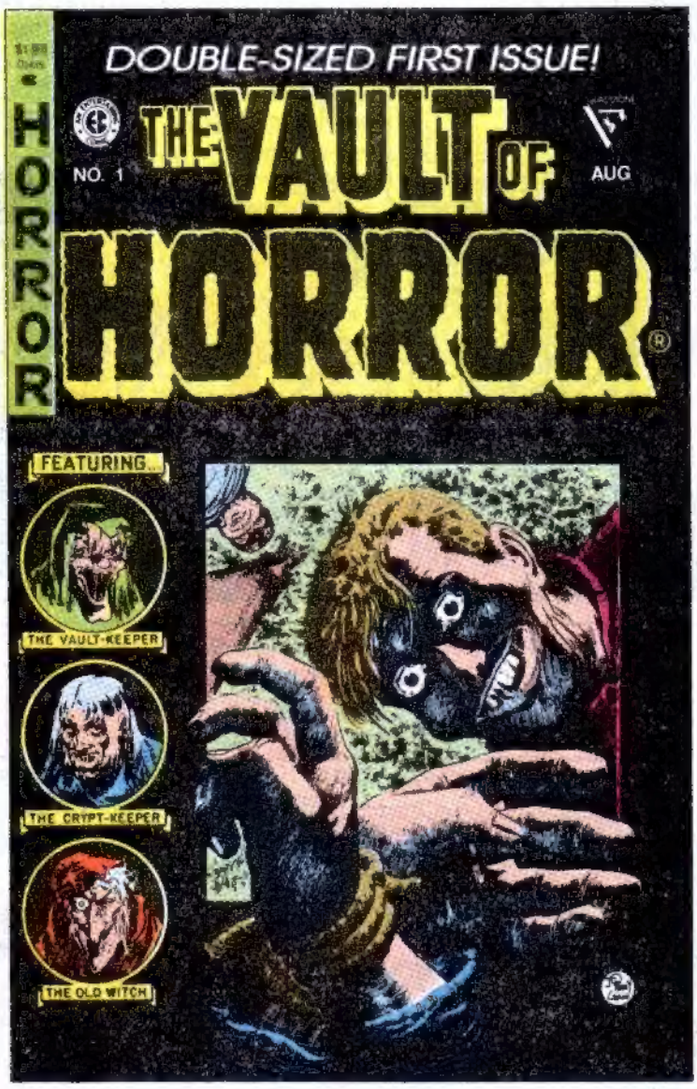
SARAH TOOK ALL OUR SUITCASES. IT'S THE ONLY THING I COULD PACK MY CLOTHES INTO. YOU SEE, WE'RE STAYING ON A WHILE... SORT OF A SECOND HONEYMOON.
THAT'S NICE, MR. JAMESON. I'M HAPPY FOR YOU... FOR BOTH OF YOU. I'LL SEE YOU OFF...
BAGGAGE


HARRY'D HAVE TO GO NOW. THERE WAS NO WAY OUT. THE TRAIN WAS LEAVING IN TEN MINUTES. HARRY WENT THROUGH THE GATE ABSENTLY, TRYING TO THINK. WHAT COULD HE DO WITH THAT TRUNK? HOW COULD HE GET RID OF IT? THE DETECTIVE WAS AT HIS SIDE...
WELL, GOOD-BYE, OFFICER. THANK YOU... FOR EVERY-THING.
THERE'RE A FEW MINUTES LEFT, JAMESON! I'LL WALK YOU TO YOUR SEAT.


HARRY FOUND HIS CAR AND WENT INSIDE. THE DETECTIVE FOLLOWED. HE SMILED DOWN AT HARRY...
WELL, GIVE MY REGARDS TO MRS. JAMESON WHEN YOU SEE HER.
I WILL, OFFICER. AND THANKS AGAIN!

CHICAGO'S LA SALLE STREET STATION CAME UP AMID WHISTLE SCREAMS AND HISSING STEAM. HARRY PEERED OUT OF THE WINDOW. SOMEONE LEANED OVER HIS SHOULDER. THE DETECTIVE...
SEE HER, JAMESON?
N-NO! SHE... SHE PROBABLY DIDN'T GET MY MESSAGE...
YOU DON'T SEEM VERY SURPRISED TO SEE ME, JAMESON!
I'M NOT! I SAW YOU IN THE CLUB CAR LAST NIGHT! WELL, I'VE GOT TO BE GOING, OFFICER!
NOT SO FAST, JAMESON! I HAPPEN TO THINK YOUR WIFE ISN'T GOING TO SHOW UP HERE IN CHICAGO AT ALL. I HAPPEN TO THINK YOU MURDERED HER, AND HER BODY'S IN THAT TRUNK OF YOURS.
YOU HAPPEN TO BE WRONG, OFFICER. CARE TO TAKE A LOOK?
HARRY AND THE DETECTIVE MADE THEIR WAY TO THE BAGGAGE OFFICE, AND HARRY PRESENTED HIS TICKET...
GO AHEAD, OFFICER. OPEN 'ER UP!
NOT HERE, JAMESON. AT HEADQUARTERS. OH, PORTER...
THEY RODE ACROSS CHICAGO TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN SILENCE. HARRY CHUCKLED TO HIMSELF. HE'D BEEN PRETTY CLEVER. THE TRUNK WAS BROUGHT INTO A SMALL ROOM. THE DETECTIVE LIFTED THE LID...
GOOD LORD!
WELL? SATISFIED, OFFICER? NOW, CAN I...I... OH, MY GOD!
A MASS OF RED BLOBS AND WHITE BONE FILLED THE TRUNK... COUNTLESS SEVERED SECTIONS OF A ONCE HUMAN BODY. HARRY SCREAMED AS THE HANDCUFFS WERE SNAPPED ON HIS WRIST...
YOU SWITCHED THEM BACK! YOU SWITCHED THE TICKETS BACK! YOU KNEW I KILLED HER AND YOU SWITCHED THEM BACK...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT JAMESON, BUT THANKS FOR THE CONFESSION. C'MON, LET'S GO!
MEANWHILE, IN ONE OF THOSE FAST-DISAPPEARING EAST-SIDE MANSIONS, HARRIET WALKER STOOD OVER HER INSANE SON, RUNNING HER HAND THROUGH HIS SHAGGY HAIR...
DID YOU... DID YOU GET RID OF WHAT WAS LEFT OF HER, MOTHER?
YES, ERIC. CLEVERLY, TOO! I PUT ANITA'S REMAINS IN AN OLD TRUNK, BOUGHT A TICKET TO PEORIA, ILLINOIS, AND HAD IT SHIPPED ON AHEAD. OF COURSE, I'LL NEVER USE THE TICKET...
THE END.

COMING UP NEXT FROM GLADSTONE



The Vault of Horror #1, featuring:

"Star Light, Star Bright" by Johnny Craig
"While the Cat's Away" by Jack Davis
"Smoke Wrings" by Reed Crandall
"Where There's a Will" by Graham Ingels
"The Wall" by Johnny Craig
"House of Horror" by Harvey Kurtzman
"The Mad Magician" by Harry Harrison and Wally Wood
"The Thing in the Swamp" by Al Feldstein

ON SALE MAY, 1990

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WEIRD SCIENCE #1, featuring:

"A New Beginning" by Al Williamson
"The Headhunters" by George Evans
"My World" by Wally Wood
"Outcast of the Stars" by Joe Orlando
"Am I Man or Machine?" by Al Feldstein
"Only Time Will Tell" by Harry Harrison and Wally Wood
"The Men of Tomorrow" by Jack Kamen
"Trip into the Unknown" by Harvey Kurtzman

ON SALE JUNE, 1990

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

(continued from inside front cover)
ourselves. That is why **Tales From the Crypt**, **The Vault of Horror**, and **The Haunt of Fear** are as apt today as they were forty years ago.

If we see a victim being stalked by an ax-murderer with the requisite cleaver in hand, our sensation will be terror; but let that murderer be a zombie, a vampire, a werewolf, or anything akin, and our response is horror. That's what E.C.s are all about.

In make-believe horror there is always something hidden, something still and ever-

concealed, some forbidden knowledge, a kept secret. We don't quite know. But we would like to find out if we could do so safely. That's why Gladstone feels E.C. horror will strike the same responsive chord with readers today as it did in the 1950s. It's generally acknowledged that horror is not just an **aspect** of human experience, but a **central part** of it!

Had Newton really been right, and had there really been laws to govern all change, there could be no horror; only temporary ignorance, only terror. The sleep of reason, contended Goya in 1798, produces monsters and monsters have always been the prime carriers of horror. They are always "out there," rising from the ooze of the subconscious, like sea-beasts on the horizons of ancient maps and they are never totally **non**human. The ancient monsters—the centaur, the sphinx, the minotaur—are partly brute and partly human, and the brute part is not in itself frightening. So too the modern monsters—the vampire, the Frankenstein monster, and the werewolf—are images of horror not because they do dreadful things to us (although they may well), but because they block our attempts to classify, categorize, and hence control them.

H. G. Wells generated intense horror in **The Island of Dr. Moreau** (1896) simply by dispassionately describing the harmless mutants created by the "mad scientist" who infused human forms and attributes into the animal world; Victor Hugo achieved the same effect by "crossing" Quasimodo with the gargoyle.

It would be nice to think that a proper education could rid one of a hunger for horror, but theologians like John Wesley have always known better. Horror images have always been more than fear-jerkers; they are invariably the most subtle projections of buried and repressed fear. When it comes right down to it, the fascinating question is not why monsters were so suddenly obvious in the late eighteenth century, but how they could have been suppressed with such success for so long!

The invocation of horror has always been present in the English tradition from **Beowulf** on. In modern versions we forget the victims and even the hero, but we remember the monster! Everyone who read the original E.C.'s remembers a favorite today. . . and it is usually the monster or the deed that stands out. Thinking back to your own high school or college literature class, do you remember who, for instance, kills Dracula? How is the Frankenstein monster destroyed? Are we sure the werewolf is dead? Monsters have become bogeymen, and as the child in **Halloween** says, "Ya can't ever kill the bogeyman."

We read for enjoyment, including horror. But we

keep coming back because of **memories**. A cult of E.C. collectors began in the '50s and has survived to this day, though most think of themselves just as "fans." Some of the same ones who made contact with each other through the Letters to the GhouLunatics pages in those days still are in touch with each other today.

(We would like to thank Jim Twitchell, who is currently Alumni Professor of English at the University of Florida, for his permission to excerpt portions from his book, **Dreadful Pleasures: An Anatomy of Modern Horror**, *published by Oxford University Press. We apologize for any points that may have been lost by our abbreviations of his words or any changes of meaning that may have resulted from our blending of his thoughts with an occasional brief insertion of our own.*

—The Publishers)

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